HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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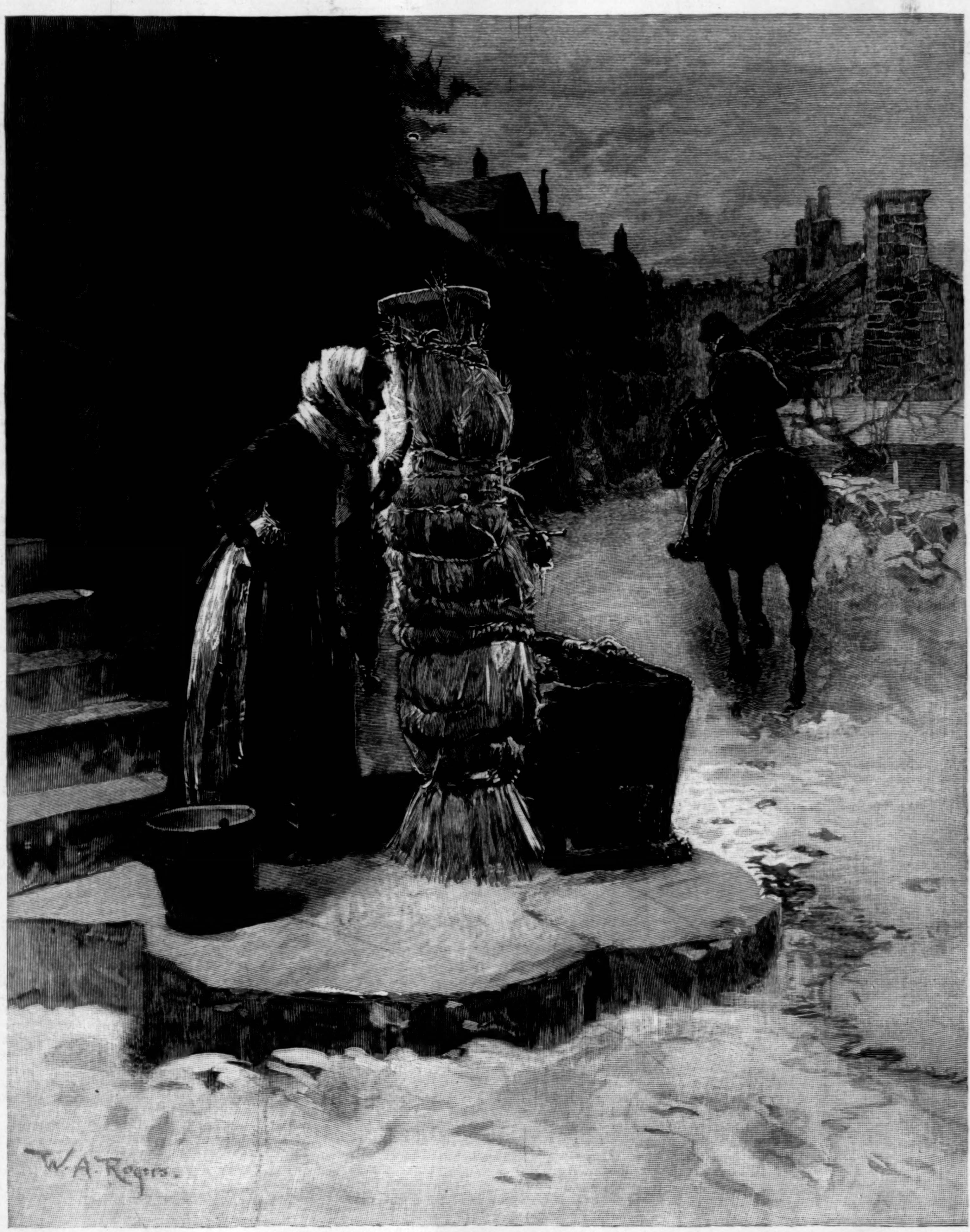

"NO FROST WITHIN."—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 947.]

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CONGRESS.

THE President is said to desire that his party should "take no backward step" at the coming session. This means, probably, that the McKinley bill should not be modified, that the election bill should be passed by the Senate, and perhaps that still more pensions shall be granted. This is not an improbable report, and for two reasons: first, that any backward step would be injurious to the party prestige; and second, that our party system does not contemplate such a course as is urged upon the Republican party by some party journals. In England if the party of the ministry, or of the majority in Parliament, is defeated at the election, it loses control of legislation and administration. It does not remain in possession of both when the "mandate" of the people has been withdrawn. Such a question as is now proposed could not arise in England, because there, *mutatis mutandis*, the Congress which meets in December would be Democratic and not Republican. Under our system, however, the present Republican Congress continues, and does not undertake to serve as a Democratic *locum tenens*, or "warming-pan," until the Democrats take possession. The election is not supposed to have changed the views of Republicans upon any public question, nor their convictions of sound public policy, and as members of Congress are representatives of a party—that is, of those who hold certain views of public policy—not agents of a popular majority, this Congress will not act in opposition to the views which its members hold, and which it was elected to represent.

That a serious change of action would be injurious to the party prestige is obvious. A party which in September, after long deliberation and general public discussion, passed a tariff law based upon the highest protection as the most beneficent policy, but in December reconsidered its action, and confessed that it was entirely mistaken, would be effectually discredited. The universal and just comment would be that a party capable of such stupendous blundering was incompetent for the task of administration. Even if its action had involved no principle or conviction, and had been determined solely by its view of the drift of public sentiment, such a monstrous misapprehension of public opinion would equally prove the practical incapacity of the party. In no way whatever could it gain by attempting to adjust its action to the result of the election. The attempt would concede either that the party was mistaken in its view of true public policy, or in its estimate of public feeling. In both cases it would demonstrate that it was unfit for control. Certainly it would not win public confidence as a safe depository of the power of the government.

Moreover, the Republican party might deny that the result of the election was justly interpreted. It is never easy to say precisely what determines a result to which so many considerations contribute. The one definite and incontestable fact is that the Congressional elections show distrust of further Republican legislation, and the proper patriotic policy of Congress at this session would be not to revoke or modify its recent acts, but passively to pass the appropriation bills, and leave as little embarrassment as possible for its successor. The rule should be with Congress as with the President. After an adverse popular verdict it need not try to do the work of another party, but it should not needlessly defy public opinion as manifested at the polls. There should be no "midnight judges" in legislation or in appointments. The long delay between the election of a Congress and its assembling is one of the practical defects of our system, but a just sense of public propriety will prevent what would naturally be regarded as an outrage upon the country. Probably the McKinley bill will be left untouched this winter, and if the election bill should be passed in the Senate its opponents will prevent final action, unless the majority should resort to extreme measures, which would recoil upon the party.

PARTY CHANGE.

THE sudden rise and apparent strength at the polls in various parts of the country of the Farmers' Alliance are mainly important as the revelation of a tendency toward a reorganization of parties. The same tendency is shown in Massachusetts by the alliance of a great body of Republican tariff reformers with the Democratic party, and by a Republican abstention from voting, which show profound disgust with the party course. The situation in that State is the subject of a long letter in the New York *Sun* from a Democrat who represents the Democratic position in Massachusetts as a kind of usurpation by dudes and silk-stockings of the Democratic name. It is, however, something very different. When a son of Garrison's, who shares all his father's views upon the great American question of the last generation, supports the Democratic ticket and rejoices in its success, and when the new list of Democratic Representatives from Massachusetts contains four men who have nothing whatever in common with the Democratic party tradition, it is clear that in that State at least dudishness and silk-stockings explain nothing. The facts show that parties are undergoing change. In South Carolina also the regular Democratic organization has been captured by the Farmers' Alliance, which, while declaring for measures that are not accepted by Democrats anywhere as policies of their party, retains the worst Democratic traditions in the State. Robert Smalls describes Mr. Tillman, just elected by the Farmers' Alliance Governor of South Carolina, as "the personification of Red-shirt Democracy," who "organized the first Red-shirt Club in South Carolina, and led it in the bloody massacres at Hamburg and Ellenton."

The new Governor and his supporters are strongly opposed by the more intelligent Democrats in South Carolina, and his election indicates the disintegrating tendency. In Illinois and Nebraska and Kansas also the Farmers' Alliance showed its force, and Mr. Springer, of Illinois, who is among the Democratic aspirants for the Speakership of the next House, is reported to have said that should he be elected Speaker, he would treat the Farmers' Alliance members as if they were Democrats—a remark which would show at least his belief that the Alliance is an important body. The movement in Massachusetts and that of the Farmers' Alliance, however, while they both reveal the disposition for party change, are essentially different. In New England the change is toward a broader and wiser view of politics than that of the old Democrats, but in the West and South toward an ignorant and reckless socialism. The stronger this latter tendency becomes, the more positive would be a movement toward a party combination of those who substantially agree upon leading public questions.

Republicans who hold the views of the Chicago *Tribune* on the tariff are obviously, upon one of the chief public issues, very much more in accord with the new Democratic Representatives from Massachusetts than with the Republican Representatives. So Republican civil service reformers everywhere agree with the same Massachusetts Democratic Representatives. Mr. Lodge will find his new colleagues quite as earnest and practical friends of reform as he is himself, and very few Republican Representatives in Congress believe in the reform as heartily or will befriend it so effectively as these newly elected Democrats. Meanwhile they will find very little in common with the Democracy which has now obtained control in South Carolina, and will be as far from sympathizing with the politics of Tammany Hall and Governor Hill as honest Republicans. But they will be as strongly opposed as Mr. Cleveland to the McKinley policy and the dangerous pension excesses and the unwise election legislation of the Republican Congress. These are all signs of the relaxing hold of the old party organizations, and of the drift toward new combinations upon grounds of real agreement.

"I thought," said an eminent Republican, "that we should pull through this year; but I was sure we should be smashed in '92."

"DARKEST ENGLAND."

THE appearance of General Booth's book, *Darkest England*, immediately after Stanley's *Darkest Africa*, suggests a comparison which is not creditable to civilization. It is more startling that in the heart of civilization there should be unspeakable misery and wretchedness of every kind than that central Africa should be barbarous. Indeed, the story of no rear-guard of African savages could be more revolting than that which is told of the rear-guard of the expedition which civilized England sent out into savage Africa. The revelations of life in East London which have been made in recent years—and there has been no glimpse of it more striking and impressive than Rudyard Kipling's story of "Badalia" published in the last two numbers of Harper's Weekly—remind us that England of the nineteenth century has not left behind all the misery of the England of the eighteenth, which Lecky has described in painful detail. Indeed, if charity begins at home, the question will obtrude itself, whether the advantage to the world of devoting to the investigation and relief of the appalling mass of destitution and suffering of England itself all the money and skill and labor and heroism which has been spent in exploring the Dark Continent might not have been as great.

Such a question is perilously near that of the alabaster box of ointment. But it is certain that one of the troubles of our civilization is the misdirection both of philanthropic means and money, and there is no expenditure which is regarded with more universal satisfaction as permanently wise than that which is intelligently devoted to the relief of misfortune. General Booth's scheme for the succor of London wretchedness and poverty and crime is very simple, and not in the least new. Its source is the conviction that the first step in the treatment of starvation is not an appeal to the moral consciousness, but a loaf of bread. It is, indeed, a general development and application of the principle in temperance reform that abstinence must be made just as pleasant and comfortable as tippling; that the warm, cheerful, and enticing saloon must be set off by the bright, comfortable, and attractive club. Friendly fires and games and books and magazines, and drinks that cheer but not inebriate, must be constantly, wisely, and cheaply opposed to the grog-shop. It is idle to suppose that in a hard-working community sermons and exhortations and cold and cheerless chambers will contend successfully with the sociability and stimulus of the saloon.

General Booth, in this spirit, proposes that the poor who will work shall be fed, and that the class which will not work shall be sequestered from the opportunity of lawless mischief. He would have a simple organization of grades of labor and laborers, suburban farms, and chances of industrial activity and amusement. To begin the work, he would have a sum large enough to assure the trial, which must be made by experts who understand the condition of such a work, and the character and life of the people who are to be benefited. His proposal is timely, for the question has been long and carefully studied in London; and the experiments of the People's Palace, the Ragged Schools, and Polytechnic Institutes show the direction of public interest and sympathy. The response to his proposition has been very general, and the Queen, without committal to any particular scheme, expresses her approval of the purpose. It is at least another sign of the awakening consciousness that comfort, intelligence, riches, and opportunity *are* the keepers of their brothers' destitution, squalor, suffering, and sin, and belongs to a general impulse and endeavor in the nineteenth century of which Lecky's story of the eighteenth shows no sign.

PARNELL'S LEADERSHIP.

MR. PARNELL's continued leadership does not help the situation. Mr. Davitt says truly that "the crisis into which Mr. Parnell has precipitated the home-rule movement is the gravest which has confronted it for the last ten years." The movement has no representative in whose absolute honesty there is more universal confidence than in Mr. Davitt's. Denunciation of him and deprecation of permitting a man's private life to affect his public standing are wholly unavailing. It is not forgotten that Mr. Parnell, in an assembly of gentlemen such as Parliament is presumed to be, quietly acknowledged that he had deliberately lied to carry a point. The offence of which he has been solemnly proclaimed to be guilty, and which he has practically confessed, is attended with circumstances which cover him both with ridicule and infamy. It is not to be dismissed with an allusion to Nelson and Wellington. It does not disappear in a volley of enthusiastic shouts adopting florid resolutions. It is not condoned by his unquestionable ability and power as a political leader. The English home-rule party is distinctively a moral party in the sense of comprising those who require that political leaders shall not be conspicuous and shameless offenders against domestic purity.

We have heard the case of Charles James Fox cited. A hundred years ago in England Fox was the great Whig leader. He was a man of immense popularity in his party, of generous nature and winning manner. His powers were extraordinary. Burke called him the most brilliant and successful debater the world ever saw, and Dr. Johnson declared that it was difficult to decide whether England was governed by the sceptre of George the Third or the tongue of Charles Fox. He was also the most notorious and desperate gambler of his time, and a man of irregular life. But his political leadership was not affected by his life, and when he died Wordsworth wrote the famous lines in which he places him among the "great and good." It must be remembered that there was no revolting public scandal in the life of Fox, and his gaming and dissipation were condoned by the general practice and public sentiment of his time. No comparison can be drawn between the cases of the two men. Parnell cannot be excused by the precedent of Fox.

The universal protest of the religious press, which may be called the press of the English home-rule party, sustains the strong words of Michael Davitt. There is evidently a feeling of disgust that a man who led so great a cause as that of a whole people, who was so greatly trusted and so loyally followed, was willing to betray it by a peculiarly base personal delinquency. The vehement insistence of his Irish lieutenants and the Irish associations upon his retention of the leadership is evidently in accord with his own feelings and wishes. But it would be impossible for Mr. Gladstone to share a political leadership with a man whose offences must be so morally repugnant to him, and so odious in the eyes of those who are distinctively Gladstonians. It may be that there is no man adequately fit to succeed to the Irish leadership. But, on the other hand, Parnell's continued leadership must divide his party, and a dividing line which should run between England and Ireland would be disastrous to the party. It is another illustration of what is called the mockery of fate that the Irish cause, which is of such vital importance, which has had such remarkable leaders and advocates, and which has so long unsuccessfully pressed its claim, at the very moment when it had secured a large English support, and the sympathy of the chief of living English statesmen, and under a most skilful and trusted leader had advanced so far as almost to be assured of triumph, should suddenly be checked and retarded not by its enemies, but by that leader himself.

BARNARD COLLEGE.

The first year's experience of Barnard College—the Columbia "Annex"—is so gratifying that its trustees now propose to raise a fund to place its permanence beyond question. The Barnard College is an educational institution of the highest character for women. It affords them all the advantages of Columbia College. The instruction is conducted by members of the Columbia faculty, and the history of the year demonstrates both the desire for such instruction among the young women of the city and the large number of students that may be justly anticipated.

Fortunately there has been no contention over the question of co-education. Undoubtedly there are excellent arguments to be offered for that course, fortified by experience, but the friends of Barnard College have wisely preferred to aim at the essential object, and to leave unnecessary controversies aside. The great purpose of the movement is to secure to young women the best instruction in the highest studies, and this has been attained thus far in the most satisfactory manner. In providing for it the fact was borne in mind that Barnard College is situated not in Arcadia nor in Utopia, but in New York, and that it is designed for women who have been bred generally in that city, and in the usual social traditions.

The appeal of the trustees is made to that intelligent generosity which seldom fails in a prosperous American community. It is true that appeals for money for every kind of purpose are incessant. But it is no less true that the ability to respond to them is constantly increasing. It is as true of meritorious objects as of the poor that we have them always with us. But that is not a reason for neglecting them. Barnard College, indeed, is its own best advocate. In this century New York is a very imperfect continental metropolis until it opens to women the amplest opportunities for the highest education.

CHILDREN'S PARKS.

During the last summer, by the exertions of a few ladies and gentlemen, play-grounds were provided for poor children upon vacant lots in the city. The result in pleasure and health to the little waifs was so evident, and the enterprise was so humane and seasonable, that it has led to excellent results. A society to secure parks and play-grounds for children has been incorporated, composed of persons who are both familiar with the situation of the poorer people of the city and intelligently devoted to their relief. As stated in the *World*, "The object of the incorporators is to secure sufficient vacant lots and pieces of ground in different parts of the city to provide adequate play-grounds for the thousands of poor children who have no private or public parks at their disposal, and to fit these places up with gymnastic apparatus, swings, ball-grounds, and other affairs dear to youngsters' hearts, and maintain them absolutely free of cost."

The movement for small parks in the crowded parts of the city was successfully made during the Mayoralty of Mr. Hewitt, and the sum of $1,000,000 was appropriated for the purpose. It is thought twenty or thirty such parks as are now proposed might be maintained by the income of this sum. They are to be laid out simply as play-grounds, and the spectacle of last summer in the hilarious enjoyment of the children was very touching. There must be some supervision, of course, but the project is not an experiment. It has been thoroughly tested, and it is one of the happiest suggestions of the charitable and humane spirit of the time.

In Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* one of the shrewdest observations is that of the unsmiling aspect of the denizens of East London. They never laughed. There was no gayety, no amusement in their lives. Even when not starving they did not smile. The utter aridity, the dry monotony of a life without entertainment, was appalling, and it is vividly treated by the author. The proposed parks for the thirty thousand children of the tenement-houses in New York will keep them shouting and laughing. Good-nature and good morals go together, and the poor children's play-grounds will be nurseries of civilization.

HOT POLITICS.

The political excitement in New Hampshire is very great, and the State seems to be threatened with two Legislatures. The question is complicated, and can be understood by careful consideration, for it turns on the interpretation of a law. The legal point has been already submitted to Judge Hoar, ex-Attorney-General under Grant, and Mr. W. G. Russell, of Boston, two of the most eminent counsel in New England, and they favor a view of the law which would enable the Democrats to organize the Legislature. The political character of the Legislature is of great importance, as it will elect the Governor and a United States Senator.

The Republican side of the controversy is unfortunate because it is conducted by Senator Chandler, and, however correct his position may be, his name is so inextricably associated in the popular mind with party sharp practice that his action will be regarded as mere partisan intrigue. Mr. Chandler, in his letter to the *Tribune*, lays great stress upon the point that the law authorizes the Clerk of the last House to make up the roll of the new Legislature. But the Clerk of the last House is now resident in Maine, and Mr. Chandler and his friends insist that he should not make up the roll.

As he is a Republican and an upright man, the energy of this opposition is not understood until it is known also that the Assistant Clerk is a man who is supposed to be more amenable to purely party considerations than the Clerk, and therefore to be more trusted to make up a Republican roll. The law, however, does not contemplate the case of absence of the Clerk, and makes no provision for the exercise of authority by the Assistant Clerk. The situation is very uncertain. But anything like snap judgments and arbitrary methods would be very fatal to the side that adopted them. Let the courts and not the caucus interpret the law.

THE CORONET OR THE CROWN.

The gossip about Governor Hill and the Senatorship recalls a familiar passage in *Julius Cæsar*, "I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither; 'twas one of these coronets, and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it." The doubt that perplexes the Democratic Cæsar of the moment is whether to take the coronet is to risk the crown; whether to accept the Senatorship is to hazard the Presidency; and again, whether to put aside the Senatorship is to lose both the Presidency and the Governorship.

The Governor is not aided in making a choice by the various exhortations around him. He knows that the friends who urge him not to go to the Senate are less mindful of friendship for him than of hostility to Mr. Cleveland, and would regard the Governor's acceptance of the Senatorship as a virtual abandonment of the contest for the Presidential nomination. As their object is the defeat of Mr. Cleveland, they feel that the Governor's acceptance of the Senatorship would be interpreted as evidence of his belief that nothing can prevent Mr. Cleveland's nomination. But the more urgent their opposition to his acceptance, the more certain they make this interpretation.

On the other hand the wary Governor sees that the urgency for his acceptance of the Senatorship comes in large part from those who wish to see him tumbled up stairs out of Mr. Cleveland's way. Some of them allege, indeed, that the Senate would make him better known to the country as a sagacious public man and incomparable party leader. But he reflects, probably, that it would do no more in this way for him than it has done for other public men and party leaders, for none of whom has it proved to be the gate of the White House. Meanwhile the people of New York ought to be grateful to the good Governor for his gracious intention to be either their Senator or their President.

THE SALE OF JUSTICE.

Among the crimes of Tammany Hall there is none baser than the sale of judgeships. It is a sale made under the name of political assessments, and the price of some seats is stated, without contradiction, to have been several thousands of dollars. It is such undoubted facts which make it astounding that respectable citizens should have been willing, as they were, to urge upon their fellow-citizens the support of Tammany as the security of able, honest, and vigorous municipal administration. The political judgment of no man who deliberately put his name to that assertion ought to be trusted hereafter.

The Court of Appeals has declared such assessments to be unlawful and criminal. The statute defines legitimate expenses in elections, and contributions beyond such sums are judicially declared to be "criminal, void, and contrary to public policy and the welfare of the community." This is but common-sense. But it is publicly stated that one of the candidates at the late election paid five thousand dollars himself, while ten thousand more were contributed on his behalf. When Daniel Webster permitted his friends to raise thousands of dollars for his benefit while he was in public life, the question was never answered, how can his public duty be properly discharged in cases where his pecuniary benefactors are interested?

John Quincy Adams was of another mind. When he was appointed chairman of a committee of the House of Representatives to investigate the United States Bank, he disposed of all his pecuniary interest in the bank. That was probably Sunday-school politics, but it was the act of a great patriot. When Tammany Hall selects judges who, as candidates, will pay heavy assessments, it sells justice, which was a complaint against King John as a crime against liberty. When a judge occupies a seat on the bench for which ten thousand dollars have been paid "on his behalf," he sits in golden chains to please a patron, not to do justice for the people.

PERSONAL.

On Thursday of this week the London *Graphic* comes of age, the first number having been issued on December 4, 1869. To celebrate this event a dinner will be given in the Hôtel Metropole, at which Professor Herkomer, R.A., will preside. At the dinner a testimonial will be presented to Mr. W. L. Thomas, the managing director, who founded the *Graphic*, and to whose energy and ability the success is mainly attributable.

—Miss Vida D. Scudder, who is a teacher at Wellesley College, and has become quite well known as a writer and student of literature, is a niece of Horace Scudder. She was born in southern India, where her parents were missionaries of the American Board, and in her infancy she lost her father, who was drowned while trying to swim a river that had been swelled by the treacherous floods of a tropical rainy season. Miss Scudder is young and pretty, and is deeply interested in philanthropic work among her sex.

—Rudyard Kipling's peculiar Christian name is said to have had its origin in the fact that his father and mother plighted their troth on the banks of Lake Rudyard.

—Dr. Austin Scott, who has been Professor of History and Political Economy at Rutgers College, is now elected President of that institution to succeed President Gates. He is about forty years old, and a graduate of Yale College. After studying abroad, he helped arrange materials for Bancroft's *History of the Constitution*, and later, while Associate Professor of History at Johns Hopkins University, organized the Seminary of American History.

—Lola Kirschner is the real name of the young woman who writes under the pseudonyme of Ossip Schubin. In spite of the familiarity with diplomatic life which she shows in her books, she lives in a quiet Bohemian village, and published her first book before she was twenty-one.

—General Butler possesses a lucky gift of falling asleep at short notice, no matter what his surroundings and accommodations may be. This faculty is said to stand him in good stead on his stumping tours, when he must spend much of the night in travelling.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell has yielded to his physician's orders, and given up the course of lectures he had intended delivering on "The Old English Dramatists," at the University of Pennsylvania. The labor and strain the work would involve were considered to be too much for him in the present state of his health.

—It is said that the visitors to the tomb of "H. H.," on Cheyenne Mountain, have adopted the fashion which has long been prevalent in Père la Chaise and a few other foreign cemeteries, and deposit their cards among the stones of the cairn that marks the poet's resting-place.

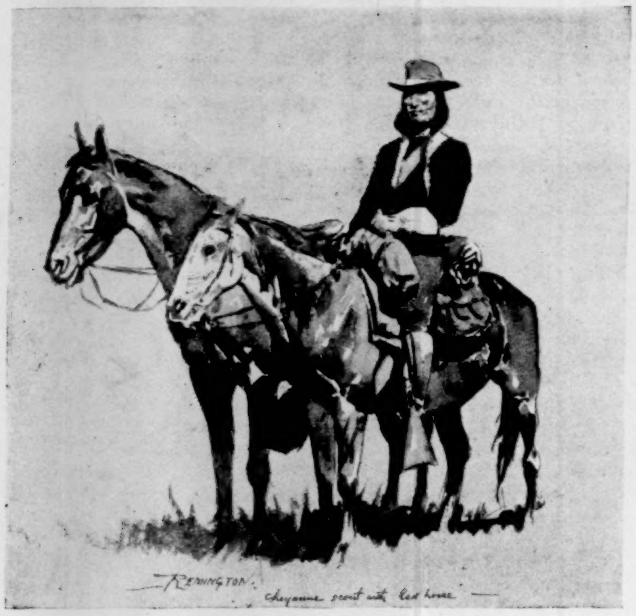
—The habits of the household of the Emperor of Germany are very simple. They rise early, the Empress breakfasting alone with the Emperor. There is no lunch, but the royal family, and, in consequence, the whole court, dine at one o'clock. At five o'clock tea is served, a plain supper is eaten two or three hours later, and the Emperor and Empress are rarely out of bed later than ten o'clock.

—The Secretary of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, Mr. Arthur Gilman, pronounces that the last year has been the most encouraging in the history of the society. For the first time the certificate of Master of Arts has been awarded, and the standard of scholarship has been raised.

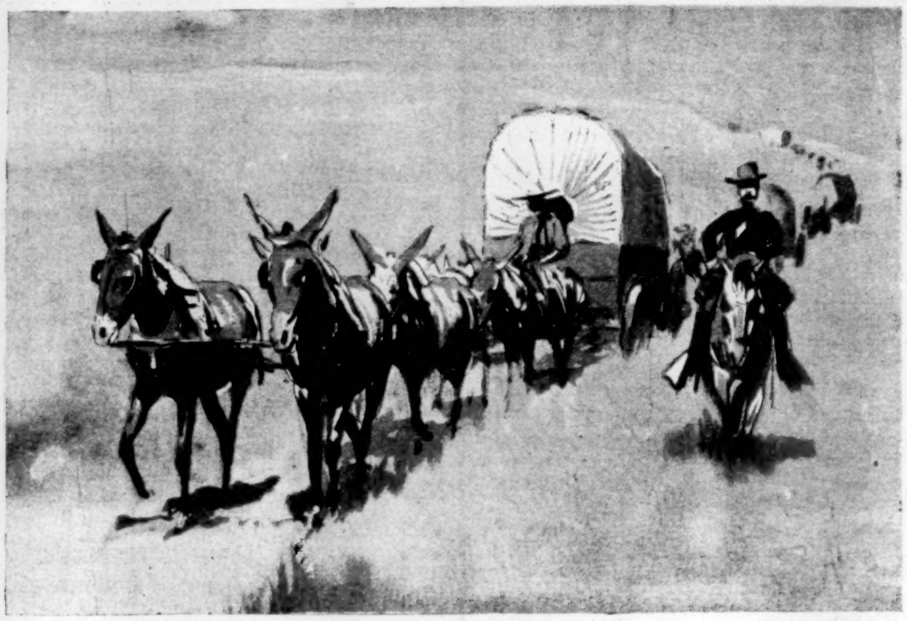
—M. Saint-Saëns urges that the projected monument to Bizet, the author of *Carmen*, shall consist only of a bust upon a pedestal. He alleges as his reason for this wish that the modern male costume is too ugly to bear being reproduced in sculpture. The sum already raised for the monument is 20,000 francs.

—The death is announced of the celebrated French painter John Lewis Brown, in his sixty-second year. For nine years he was a member of the Society of French Water-color Painters, and he received numerous medals as well as the cross of the Legion of Honor. He was especially noted for his pictures of horses in his military and sporting paintings.

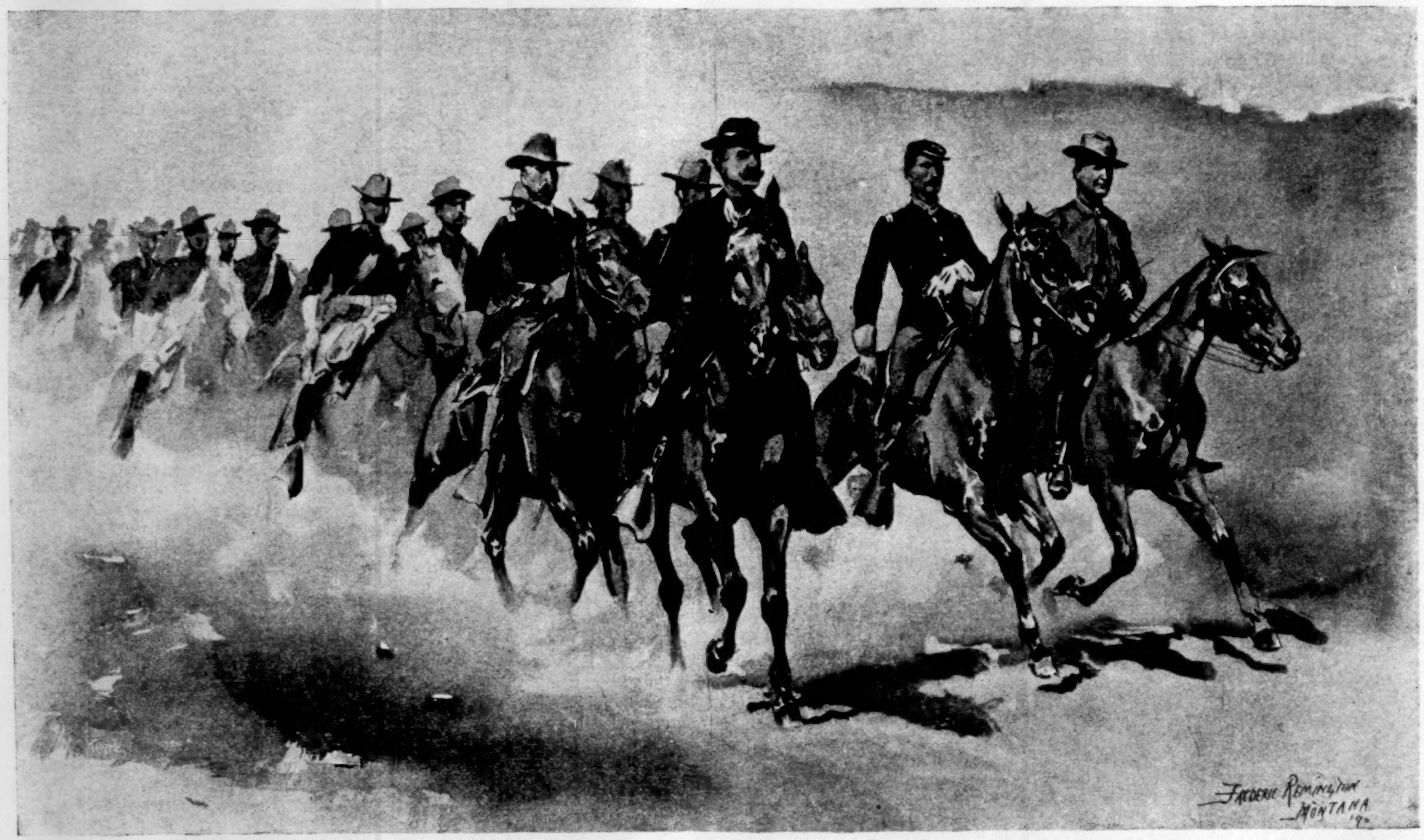
—Mr. Charles Stanley Reinhart will hold an exhibition of two hundred of his original drawings at Reichard & Co.'s galleries, No. 226 Fifth Avenue (opposite Hotel Brunswick), from December 4th to 18th. The public and the readers of Harper & Brothers' publications are to be congratulated on the opportunity which will thus be given them of studying more intimately the work of this distinguished artist, with which they have been pleasantly familiar for the past twenty years. Mr. Reinhart was the recipient of a first gold medal and a second silver medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. To him was also awarded the first gold (Temple) medal at Philadelphia. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, of the Paris Association of American Artists, of the New York Water-color Society, and the New York Etching Club.


Remington
Cheyenne scout with led horse

CHEYENNE SCOUT WITH LED-HORSE.



THE SUPPLY TRAIN.


Frederic Remington
Montana
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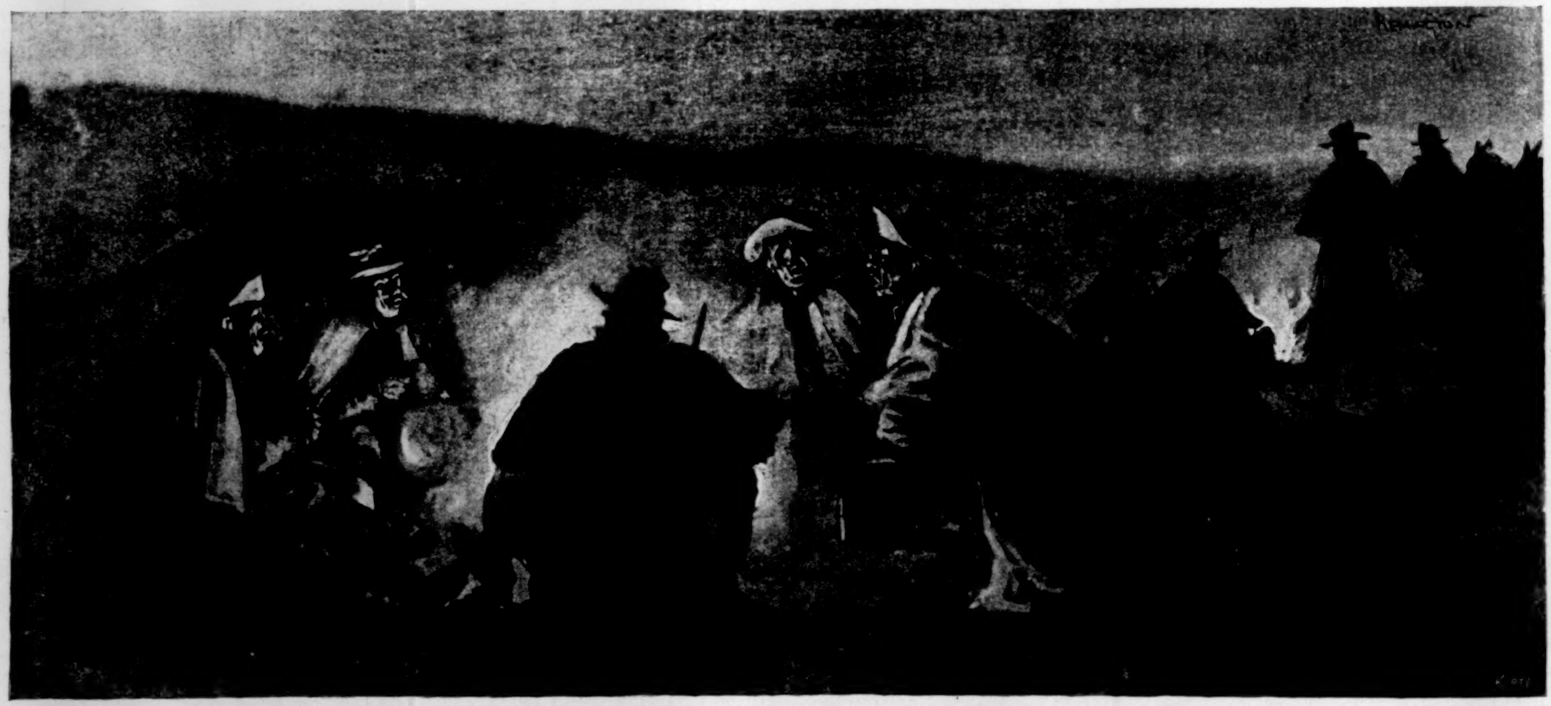
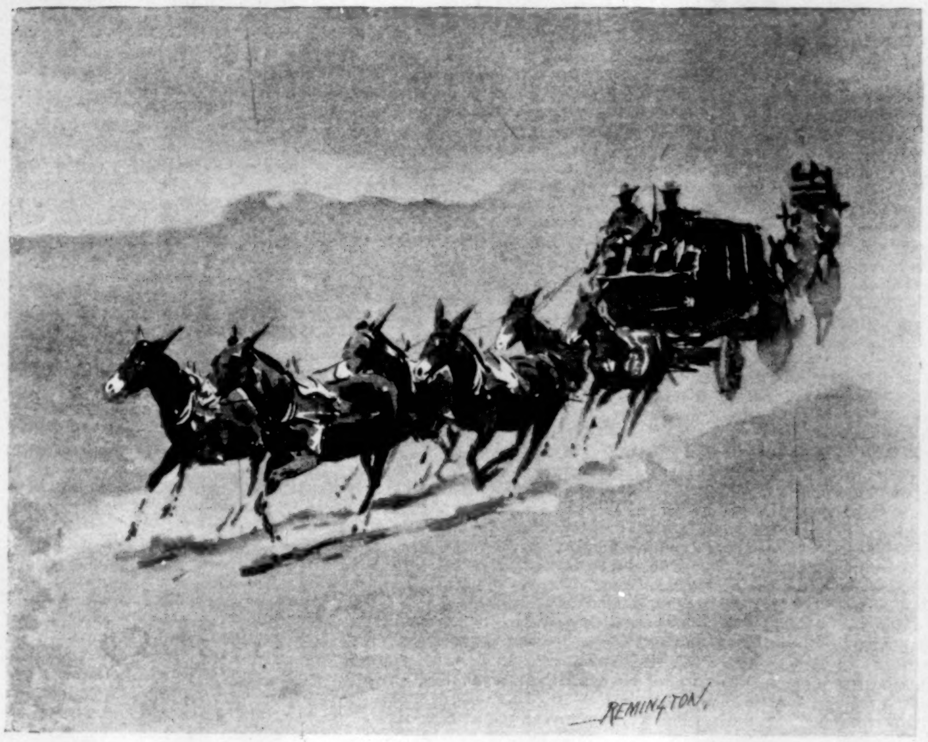
GENERAL MILES AND HIS ESCORT.

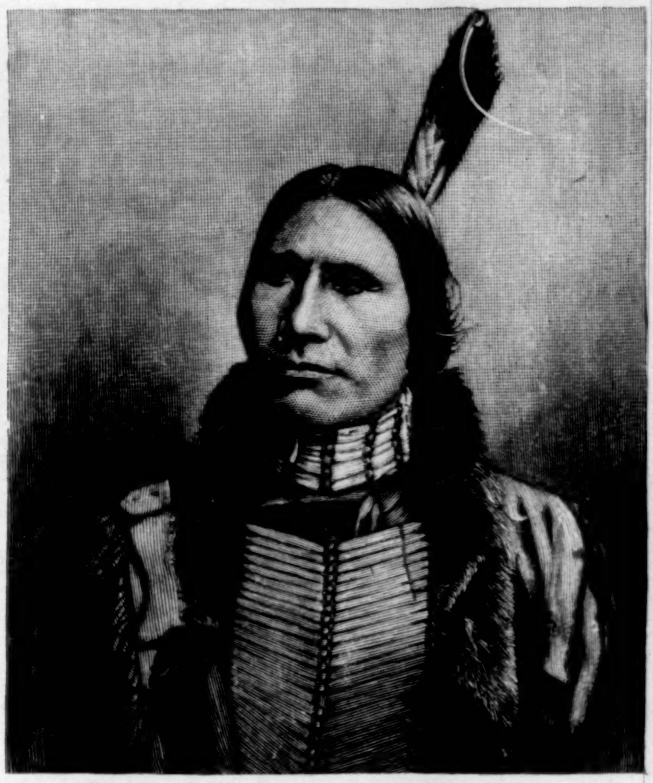


TROOPERS SINGING THE INDIAN MEDICINE SONG.

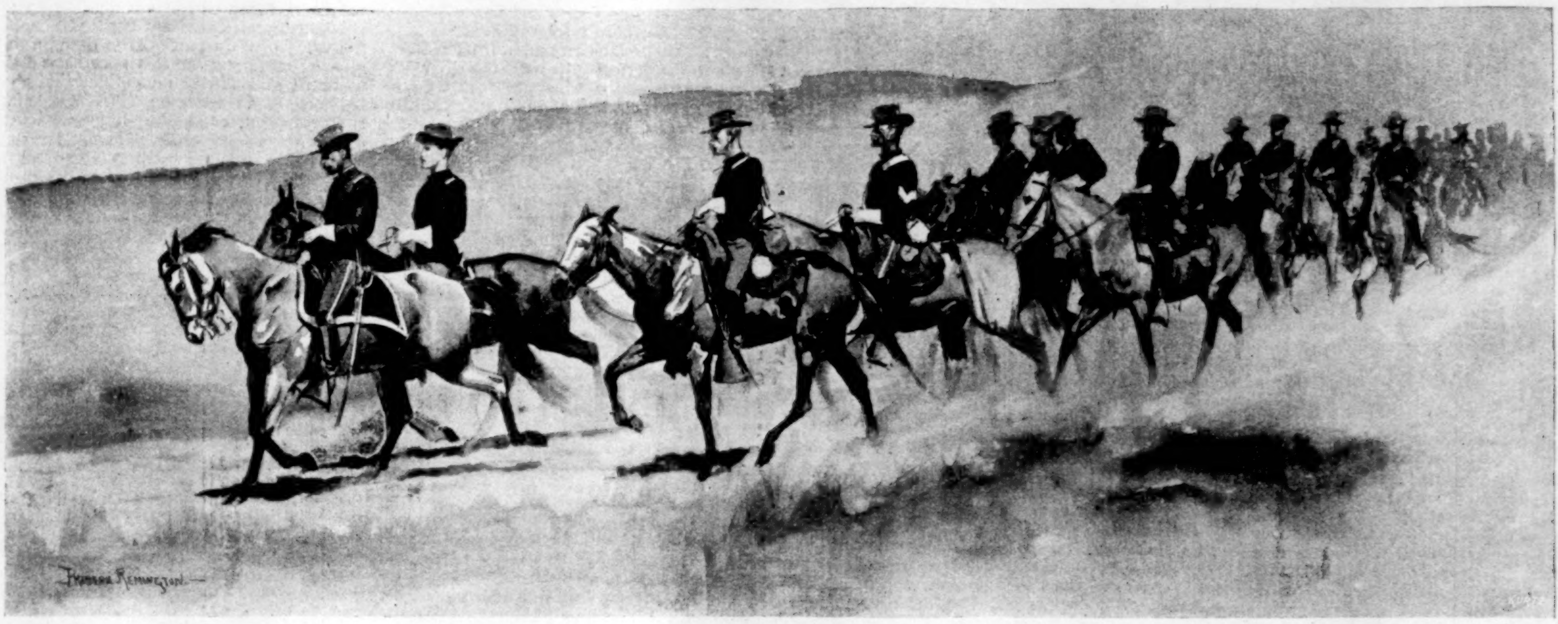
CHASING A MAJOR-GENERAL.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 946.]



THE AMBULANCES.



"AMERICAN HORSE."—From a Photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.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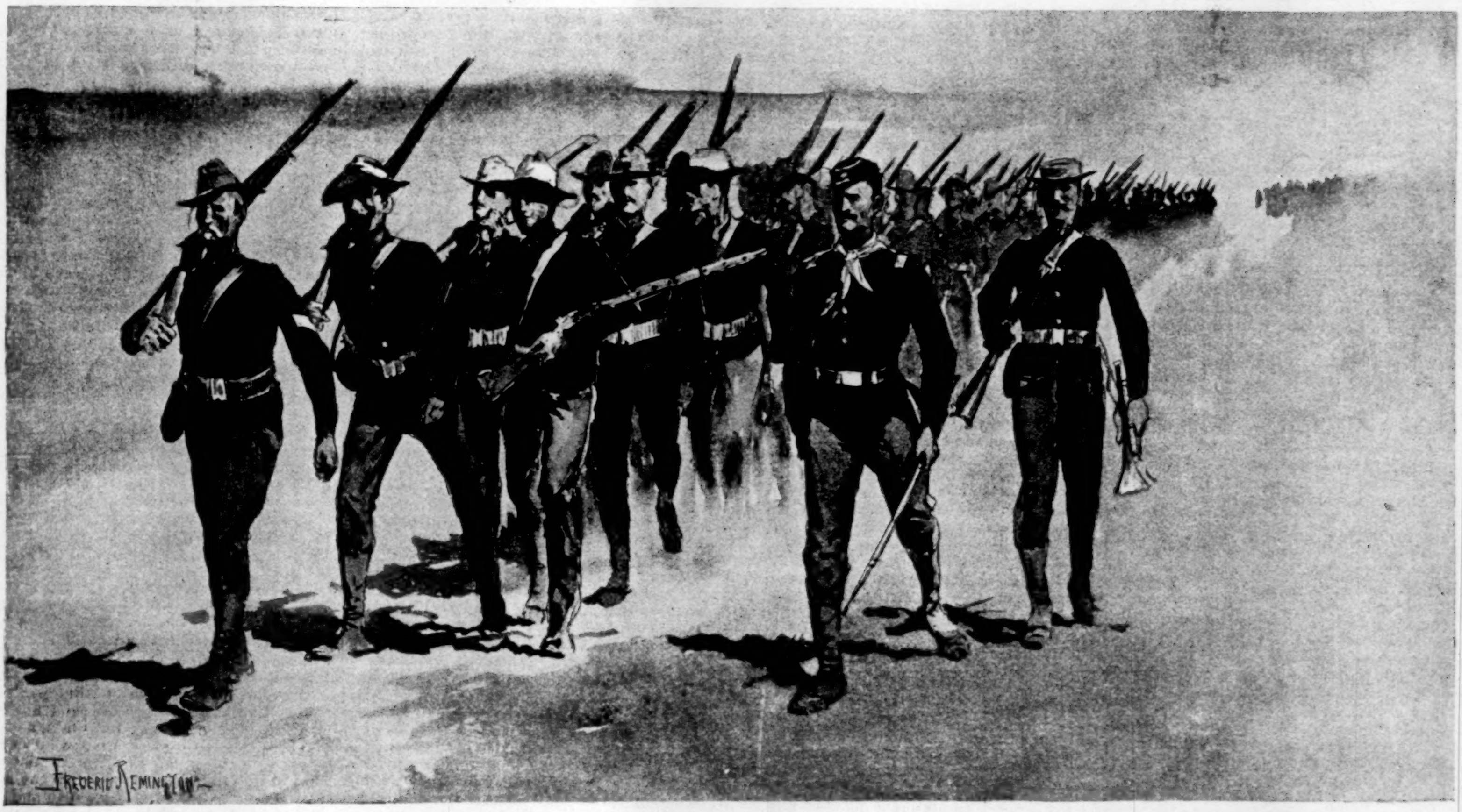
CAVALRY ON THE MARCH.


FREDERIC REMINGTON

INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.

CONCENTRATING TROOPS ON THE NORTHERN INDIAN AGENCIES.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 947.]

CHASING A MAJOR-GENERAL.

The car had been side-tracked at Fort Keough, and on the following morning the porter shook me, and announced that it was five o'clock. An hour later I stepped out on the rear platform, and observed that the sun would rise shortly, but that meanwhile the air was chill, and that the bald square-topped hills of the "bad lands" cut rather hard against the gray of the morning. Presently a trooper galloped up with three led-horses, which he tied to a stake. I inspected them, and saw that one had a "cow saddle," which I recognized as an experiment suggested by the general. The animal bearing it had a threatening look, and I expected a repetition of a performance of a few days before, when I had chased the general for over three hours, making in all twenty-eight miles.

Before accepting an invitation to accompany an Indian commission into the Northwest I had asked the general quietly if this was a "horseback" or a "wagon outfit." He had assured me that he was not a "wagon man," and I indeed had heard before that he was not. There is always a distinction in the army between wagon men and men who go without wagons by transporting their supplies on pack animals. The wagon men have always acquired more reputation as travellers than Indian fighters. In a trip to the Pine Ridge Agency I had discovered that General Miles was not committed to any strained theory of how mounted men should be moved. Any settled purpose he might have about his movements were all locked up in a desperate desire to "get thar." Being a little late in leaving a point on the railroad, I rode along with Lieutenant Guilfoil, of the Ninth, and we moved at a gentle trot. Presently we met a citizen in a wagon, and he, upon observing the lieutenant in uniform, pulled up his team and excitedly inquired,

"What's the matter, Mr. Soldier?"

Guilfoil said nothing was the matter that he knew of.

"Who be you'uns after?"

"No one," replied the lieutenant.

"Well, I just saw a man go whirling up this 'ere valley with a soldier tearin' after him fit to kill" (that was the general's orderly), "and then comes a lot more soldiers just a-smokin', and I sort of wondered what the man had done."

We laughed, and remarked that the general must be riding pretty hard. Other citizens we met inquired if that man was a lunatic or a criminal. The idea of the soldiers pursuing a man in citizen's clothes furthered the idea, but we assured them that it was only General Miles going somewhere.

All of these episodes opened my eyes to the fact that if I followed General Miles I would have to do some riding such as I had rarely done before. In coming back to the railroad we left the Pine Ridge Agency in the evening without supper, and I was careful to get an even start. My horse teetered and wanted to gallop, but I knew that the twenty-eight miles would have to be done at full speed, so I tried to get him down to a fast trot, which gait I knew would last better; but in the process of calming him down to a trot I lost sight of the general and his orderly as they went tearing like mad over a hill against the last gleam of the sunset. I rode at a very rapid trot over the hills in the moonlight for over three hours, but I never saw the general again until I met him at dinner. Then I further concluded that if I followed the general I would have no time to regait my horses, but must take them as I found them, gallop or trot. So on this cool morning at Keough I took observations of the horses which were tied to the post, with my mind full of misgivings.

Patter, patter, patter—clank, clank, clank—up comes the company of Cheyenne scouts, who are to escort the general, fine-looking tall young men, with long hair, and mounted on small Indian ponies. They were dressed and accoutred as United States soldiers, and they fill the eye of a military man until nothing is lacking. Now the general steps out of the car and hands the commission into a six-mule ambulance. I am given a horse, and mounting, we move off over the plain and into the hills. The sun comes streaming over the landscape, and the general is thinking about this old trail, and how years before he had ploughed his way through the blinding snow to the Lame Deer fight. I am secretly wishing that it would occupy his mind more fully, so that my breakfast might settle at the gentle gait we are going, but shortly he says, "It's sixty miles, and we must move along." We break into a gallop. The landscape is gilded by the morning sun, and the cool of the October air makes it a perfect thing, but there are elements in the affair which complicate its perfection. The "bad lands" are rough, and the general goes down a hill with even more rapidity than up it. The horses are not the perfect animals of the bridle-path, but poor old cavalry brutes, procured by the government under the old contract system, by which the government pays something like $125 for a $60 horse. This could be remedied by allowing the officers of each regiment to buy their own horses; but in our army nothing is remedied, because a lot of nice old gentlemen in Washington are too conservative to do anything but eat and sleep. There is a bit of human nature at the bottom of our army organization, and where is the man who can change that? Men who were the very jewels of the profession years ago have reached in due time the upper grades of rank, and occupy the bureaus of the department. These men who have acquired rank, years, and discretion naturally do nothing, and with sedate gravity insist that no one else shall do anything. The ambitious young men have to wait patiently for their retirement, and in process of waiting they, too, become old and conservative. Old soldiers are pardonable rubbish, since soldiers, like other men, must age and decay, the only distinction being that youthful vigor is of prime importance to a soldier, while in the case of the citizen any abatement of vigor is rewarded by being shelved. What to do with old soldiers is a problem which I will hand over to the economists as being beyond my depth. But to return to the going down hill. General Miles has acquired his knowledge of riding from wild Indians, and wild Indians go up hill and down hill as a matter of course at whatever gait they happen to be travelling. He would make his horse climb a tree with equal gravity if he was bound that way. The general has known Indians to ride for two days and a night at a rapid gallop, and it never occurs to him that he cannot do anything which any one else can; so he spurs along, and we go cutting around the *coulies* and bluffs like frightened antelopes or mad creatures. The escort strings out behind. This is observed with a grim humor by the general, who desires nothing so much as to leave his escort far in the rear. He turns in his saddle, and seeing the dust of the escort far behind, says: "Shake up the young men a little; do 'em good. They get sleepy;" and away we go.

It is over thirty miles to the first relay station, or courier's camp, and another problem looms up. The general's weight is over 200 pounds, and I confess to 215 avoirdupois, and, as I have before remarked, my horse was not an Irish hunter, so my musing took a serious vein. It is all very well for a major-general to ride down a cavalry horse, but if such an accident were to happen to me, then my friends in the cavalry would crown me with thorns. Two hundred and fifteen pounds requires a great deal more careful attention than a one-hundred-and-forty-pound wasp-waisted cavalryman. What the latter can do with impunity would put me on foot—a thing that happened some ten years since in this very State of Montana, and a thing I have treasured in mind, and will not have repeated. So I brought the old horse down to a trot, and a good round trot eats up a road in short order. Your galloper draws away from you, but if the road is long enough, you find that you are at his heels.

After a good day's ride of something like sixty miles, we met a troop of the Eighth Cavalry near its camp on the Tongue River, and the general is escorted in. The escorts draw into line, salute, and the general is duly deposited in a big Sibley tent; and I go away on the arms of some "cavalry kids" (as young lieutenants are called) to a hole in the ground (a dugout) where they are quartered. On the following morning I am duly admonished that if my whereabouts could have been ascertained on the previous evening, the expedition would have continued to the camp of the First Cavalry. I do not think the general was unduly severe, desiring simply to shift the responsibility of the procrastination on to other shoulders, and meanwhile being content to have things as they were. I was privately thanked by the citizen members of the commission for the delay I had caused, since they had a well-grounded conviction that sixty miles a day in an army ambulance was trouble enough. After some sarcasm by a jolly young sub, to the effect that "if one wants to call a citizen out of a tent, one must ring a dinner-bell," we were again mounted and on the way. I was badly mounted that day, but able to participate in the wild charge of forty-five miles to the Lame Deer camp, near the Cheyenne Agency. The fifty Cheyenne scouts and a troop of the Eighth were in escort.

By a happy combination I was able to add greatly to my equestrian knowledge on this ride. It happened in this way; but I must explain. Some years ago I had occasion to ride a stock saddle (the cow-boy article), and with all the positiveness of immature years, I held all other trees and all other methods of riding in a magnificent contempt. Later on I had to be convinced that a great many young cavalry officers in our service were the most daring and perfect riders, and that the McClelland saddle was the proper thing. I even elaborated a theory in explanation of all this, which I had duly shattered for me when I came East and frequented a New York riding academy, where a smiling professor of the art assured me that cow-boys and soldiers were the worst possible riders. Indeed, the sneers of the polite European were so superlative that I dared not even doubt his statements. Of course I never quite understood how my old champions of the cattle range and the war trail could pick things off the ground while in full career, or ride like mad over the cut banks and bowlders, if they were such desperately bad riders; and I never was able to completely understand why my European master could hardly turn in his saddle without tumbling off. But still he reduced me to submission, and I ceased even to doubt. I changed my style of riding, in deference to a public sentiment, and got my legs tucked up under my chin, and learned to loose my seat at every alternate footfall, and in time acquired a balance which was as secure as a pumpkin on the side of a barrel. Thus equipped with all this knowledge and my own saddle, I went out to the Northwest with the purpose of introducing a little revolution in cavalry riding. Things went swimmingly for a time. The interpreters and scouts watched my riding with mingled pity and scorn, but I knew they were unenlightened, and in no way to be regarded seriously. The general was duly amused by my teetering, and suggested to the smiling escort officers that "he has lived so long abroad, you know," etc., all of which I did not mind, for my faith in the eternal art of the thing was complete. Now to tell how I discovered that I was riding a seat which was no seat at all, and was only retained by a series of happy accidents, I will continue. While at the head of the column, where I could see the deep ruts in the road and the bowlders, and could dodge the prairie-dog holes, it was simple enough; but my horse being a very clumsy galloper, and beginning to blow under the pace, I began to pull up, calculating to get a sharp trot, and overhaul the column when it slowed down. The column of soldiers dashed by, and the great cloud of dust rose up behind them which always follows a herd of animals in the West. Being no longer able to see, the only thing to do under the circumstances was to give my horse his head, and resign myself to the chances of a gopher hole, if it was foreordained that my horse should find one. True to his instincts, my old cavalry horse plunged into the ranks. You cannot keep a troop horse out of the ranks. They know their place, and seek it with the exactitude of water. If the cavalry tactics are ever changed, the present race of horses will have to be sold, because, while you can teach a horse anything, you cannot unteach him.

In front I could see two silhouettes of soldiers tearing along, and behind could hear the heavy pounding of the troop horses, the clank of arms, the snorts and heavy breathings. I could hardly see my horse's head, to say nothing of the ground in front. Here is where the perfect grip with the thighs is wanted, and here is where the man who is bundled up like a ball on his horse's back is in imminent danger of breaking his neck. I felt like a pack on a government mule, and only wished I had some one to "throw the diamond hitch over me." The inequalities of the road make your horse plunge and go staggering sidewise, or down on his knees, and it is not at all an unusual thing for a cavalryman to upset entirely, though nothing short of a total turn-over will separate a veteran soldier from his horse. After a few miles of these vicissitudes I gained the head of the column, and when the pace slackened I turned the whole thing over in my mind, and a great light seemed to shine through the whole subject. For a smooth road and a trotting horse, that European riding-master was right; but when you put a man in the dust or smoke, over the rocks and cut banks, on the "bucking" horse, or where he must handle his weapons or his *rieta*, he must have a seat on his mount as tight as a stamp on an envelope, and not go washing around like a shot in a bottle. In a park or on a country road, where a man has nothing to do but give his undivided attention to sticking on his saddle, it has its advantages. An Indian or a cow-boy could take the average park rider off from his horse, scalp him, hang him on a bush, and never break a gallop. I do not wish to seem intolerant, because I will say that the most beautiful horse and the most perfect horseman I have ever seen was the bay gelding Partisan and his rider in the high-school class at the recent Horse Show in New York; but I do insist that no one shall for a moment imagine that the American style of riding is not the firmest of all seats.

With a repetition of the military forms, we reached the cavalry camp on the Lame Deer Creek. This is an old battle-ground of the general's—his last fight with the Cheyennes, where, as the general puts it, we "kicked them out of their blankets in the early morning." These Indians recognize him as their conqueror, and were allied with him in the Nez Percé campaign. One old chief pointed to the stars on his shoulder-strap, and charged him to remember that they helped to put them there.

That night was very cold, and I slept badly, so at an early hour I rolled out of my blankets and crawled into my clothes. I stepped out of my tent, and saw that the stars were yet visible and the light of the morning warming up to chase the gray shadows over the western hills. Three tight little cavalry soldiers came out on the parade, and blew three bugles as hard as ever they could to an unappreciative audience of sleepy soldiers and solemn hills. I walked down past the officers' row, and shook the kinks out of my stiffened knees. Everything was as quietly dismal as only a sleeping camp can be. The Sibley containing General Miles showed no signs of life, and until he arose this little military solar system would not revolve. I bethought me of the irregulars. They were down in the river bottom—Lieutenant Casey and his Indian scouts. I knew that Casey had commanded Indian scouts until his temper was as refined as beaten gold, so I thought it safer to arouse him than any one else, and, walking down, I scratched at his tent—which is equivalent to knocking—and received a rather loud and surly inquiry as to what I wanted. My sensitive nature was so shocked by this that, like the bad actor, I had hopes for no more generous gift than a cigarette. I was let into the Sibley, and saw the ground covered with blanketed forms. One of the swathed forms sat up, and the captain allowed he wanted to get up in the night, but that ever since Lieutenant Blank had shot at the orderly he was afraid to move about in the gloom. Lieutenant B. sat up and denied the impeachment. Another officer arose and made some extended remarks on the unseemly disturbance at this unreasonable hour. To pass over these inequalities of life, I will say that the military process of stiffening a man's backbone and reducing his mind to a logarithm breeds a homogeneous class whom we all know. They have small waists, and their clothes fit them; they are punctilious; they respect forms, and always do the dignified and proper thing at the particular instant, and never display their individuality except on two occasions: one is the field of battle and the other is before breakfast. Some bright fellow will one day tell in print the droll stock anecdotes of the United States army, and you'll all agree that they are good. They are better, though, if you sit in a Sibley on a cold morning while the orderly boils the coffee; and are more fortunate if you have Ned Casey to embellish what he calls the international complications which arose from the bombardment of Canada with paving-stones by a drunken recruit at Detroit.

After the commission had talked to a ring of drowsy old chiefs, and the general had reminded them that he had thrashed them once, and was perfectly willing to do it again if they did not keep in the middle of the big road, the commission was loaded into the ambulances. The driver clucked and whistled and snapped his whip as a preliminary which always precedes the concerted movement of six mules, and we started. This time I found that I had a mount that was "a horse from the ground up," as they phrase it in the red-blooded West. Well it was so, for at the relay camp I had issued to me a sorrel ruin which in the pristine vigor of its fifth year would not have commanded the value of a tin cup. After doing a mile of song and dance on this poor beast I dismounted, and shifting my saddle back to my led-horse of the morning, which was led by a Crow scout, made the sixty-mile march of that day on the noble animal. Poor old chap, fit for a king, good for all day and the next, would bring six hundred dollars in the New York Horse Exchange, but condemned to pack a trooper in the ranks until a penurious government condemns and sells him to a man who, nine times out of ten, by the law of God, ought not to be intrusted with the keeping of the meanest of his creatures, to say nothing of his noblest work—a horse. "Such is life," is the salve a good soldier puts on his wounds.

During the day we went all over the battle-field of the Little Big Horn. I heard a good deal of professional criticism, and it is my settled conviction that had Reno and Benteen gone in and fought as hard as they were commanded to do, Custer would have won his fight, and to-day be a major-general. The military moral of that affair for young soldiers is that when in doubt about what to do it is always safe to go in and fight "till you drop," remembering that, however a citizen may regard the proposition, a soldier cannot afford to be anything else than a "dead lion."

We were nearing the Crow Agency and Fort Custer, and it is against all my better impulses, and with trepidation at the impropriety of unveiling the truth, that I disclose the fact that the general would halt the column at a convenient distance from a post, and would then exchange his travel-worn garb for glittering niceties of a major-general's uniform. The command then advanced into the fort. The guns bellowed and the cavalry swung into line, while numerous officers gathered, in all the perfection of neat-fitting uniforms, to receive him. At this time the writer eliminated himself from the ceremonial, and from some point of vantage proceeded to pull up his boots so as to cover as much as possible the gaping wounds in his riding trousers, and tried vainly to make a shooting jacket fit like an officer's blouse, while he dealt his hat sundry thumps in a vain endeavor to give it a more rakish appearance. He was then introduced and apologized for in turn. To this day he hopes the mantle of charity was broad enough to cover his case.

What a contrast between soldiers in field and soldiers in garrison! Natty and trim—as straight as a sapling, with few words and no gestures—quite unlike those of two days, or rather nights, ago, when the cold froze them out of their blankets, and they sat around the camp fires pounding tin cans and singing the Indian medicine song with a good Irish accent. Very funny that affair—the mixture of Cheyenne and Donnybrook is a strange noise.

The last stage from Custer to the railroad is 35½ miles, which we did with two relays, the latter half of it in the night. There was no escort—only two orderlies and the general—and I pattered along through the gloom. The clouds hung over the earth in a dense blanket, and the road was as dim as a Florentine fresco; but night nor cold nor heat can bring General Miles to a walk, and the wild charge in the dark was, as an experience, a complete thing. You cannot see; you whirl through a cañon cut in the mud; you plough through the sage-brush and over the rocks clatter and bang. The general is certainly a grim old fellow—one of the kind that make sparks fly when he strikes an obstacle. I could well believe the old Fifth

Infantryman who said "he's put many a corn on a dough-boy's foot," and it's a red-letter day for any one else that keeps at his horse's heels. You may ride into a hole, over a precipice, to perdition, if it's your luck on this night, but is not the general in front? You follow the general—that's the grand idea—that is the military idea. If the United States army was strung out in line with its general ahead, and if he should ride out into the broad Atlantic and swim to sea, the whole United States army would follow along, for that's the idea, you know.

But for the headlong plunge of an orderly, we passed through all right, with due thankfulness on my part, and got to our car at the siding, much to the gratification of the Chicago colored man in charge, who found life at Custer Station a horrid blank. Two hundred and forty-eight miles in thirty-six hours and a half, and sixty miles of it on one horse, was not bad riding, considering everything. Not enough to make a man famous or lame, but enough for the time being.

Frederic Remington.

THE NEW INDIAN MESSIAH.

BY LIEUTENANT MARION P. MAUS, U.S.A.

For many years we have regarded the Indian's belief in a Supreme Being as very vague and undefined. He has, however, appeared to recognize a "Great Spirit" and a "happy hunting-ground," the home of the departed braves—a country where beautiful prairies and forests are abounding in game, watered by cool streams, forming an ideal Indian heaven. This belief seems a part of his nature, just as his love for his free and savage life, which the advance of civilization is forcing him to renounce. The buffalo is a thing of the past, and even the elk, the antelope, and the deer have nearly disappeared, and he finds he must live on the bounty of the white man or starve. For years he has been confined to military reservations, and has chafed under the restraint thus put upon him. Little wonder he looks for a change, and longs for his once free life, and gladly grasps the new belief in the red Saviour, which is rapidly spreading to every Western tribe, and which the great chief Red Cloud "says will spread over all the earth."

It seems impossible to trace the exact origin of this Indian faith. An Indian from the upper Columbia River, named Smohalla, preached the doctrine of an Indian Messiah some ten years ago. This Indian taught that there would be an upheaval of nature, which would destroy the white man, and restore to the Indian his ancestral remains, and that the dust of countless dead Indians would spring to life, and would surround without one word of warning each pale-face, who will be swept from the face of the earth. None of the deadly weapons of civilization or skill in their use will avail, and the blood of eighty millions of whites will atone for the wrongs done to the red race. Within a few months the belief in this new religion has spread from tribe to tribe with marvellous rapidity. Runners have traversed thousands of miles to reach distant tribes and bear the glad tidings. The Arapahoes, the Shoshones, the great Sioux tribes, the Cheyennes, both North and South, and many other tribes, have been taught the faith; and the "ghost dance," the religious ceremony of the creed, is being danced by all these tribes.

While accompanying Major-General Nelson A. Miles and the Northern Cheyenne Commission to the various agencies in the Northwest where the duties of the commission took them, Mr. Frederic Remington and I took occasion to visit the scene of the ghost dance on a plain near the White River, on the Pine Ridge Agency, in South Dakota. The Indians of this reservation are Sioux and Cheyennes, Red Cloud being the principal chief. This sacred dance is probably in honor of the dead braves, who will soon return to life, and many undoubtedly believe they may appear at any moment. Arranged in a circle, about three hundred of them, alternately a man and a woman, they go round and round ever in the same direction, while the air is filled with a dirge-like chant of a graveyard significance. Now and then one falls down exhausted in a death-like swoon, and is rapidly carried away, while his place is filled. In this swoon, it is claimed, the Indian sees and communes with the Messiah, and learns his wishes, and what is to come to pass. Once seen, they claim, he is never forgotten, and again and again appears to the favored believer.

While at the various agencies I had the opportunity to obtain the statements of several of the apostles of this new religion. Porcupine seems to be the great apostle, while Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Little Wound, and others also are prominent. Porcupine, in his statement to Major Carroll of his visit to Pyramid Lake, in Nevada, tells of the circumstances of his journey in company with some Bannocks and Shoshones. He undoubtedly went to Salt Lake, travelling by rail, and then by wagon, until he reached tribes there who belong to the fish-eating class of Indians, who largely live west of the Rocky Mountains, and are much more civilized than those on the other side of the Rockies. Here, he claimed, he met several hundred of these Indians in white men's dress—fifteen or sixteen tribes from the east side of the Rockies were represented—and here he claims to have received a message from the Messiah, saying the Indians should wait fourteen days, when he would appear to them. They also received a white nut which they were directed to eat. After waiting as directed, suddenly a great crowd of Indians and whites appeared unto them, and the Christ was among them. He had his head bowed, and appeared, to his astonishment, an Indian, for, he says, "I always believed that Christ was a white man." The Christ said: "I have sent for you, and am glad to see you. I am going to talk to you about your relatives who are dead and gone.' My children, I want you to listen to all I have to say to you. I will teach you how to dance a dance, and I want you to dance it. Get ready for your dance, and then, when the dance is over, I will talk to you." Then they danced, the Christ singing. They danced until late, when he said it was enough. "The next morning," Porcupine continues, "I saw Christ again, and this time he looked different; he was not as dark as an Indian, nor as light as a white man. He had no beard, but very heavy eyebrows. He was a good-looking man. We were told not to talk; and even if we whispered, Christ would hear us. He talked to us all day, and began to sing, and then trembled all over violently for a while, and afterward sat down. We danced all night, the Christ lying down as if he were dead. The next morning, when we met again, the Christ was with us. He said: 'I am the man who made everything you see around you; I am not lying to you, my children. I made this earth, and everything on it. I have been to heaven, and seen your dead friends, and have seen my own father and mother. In the beginning, after God made the earth, they sent me back to teach the people; and when I came, the people were afraid of me, and treated me badly. This is what they did to me' (showing his scars). 'I did not try to defend myself. I found my children were bad, so went back to heaven, and left them. I told them in so many hundred years I would come back to see my children. At the end of this time I was sent back to try to teach them. My father told me the earth was getting old and worn out, and the people getting bad; that I was to renew everything as it used to be, and make it better.' He said the dead would arise, and the earth, which was too small for them, would be enlarged, and he would do away with heaven, and make the earth big enough for all of us; that we must all be friends. In the fall of the year the youth of each one would be renewed if he remained good, and no one would ever get over forty years old. I have returned to my tribe," said Porcupine, "to tell all this. The Christ said we must tell it to every one." In his statement Porcupine says nothing of the destruction of the whites. However, it must be remembered he was talking to an army officer who had with him three troops of cavalry.

Red Cloud, who heard the story from the apostles who claimed to have seen the Messiah, said, "If it was true, it would spread all over the world"; but wisely remarked, "If it was not true, it would melt away like the snow under the hot sun." Little Wound, who also claims to have seen Christ when he appeared at the Shoshone camp, describes him as sitting under a wickiup (the name for a shelter made of boughs in the shape of an Indian tent, or tepee). "The Messiah had long hair down to his shoulders, and when I first saw him he seemed about twenty years old; the next day he appeared thirty; the next, forty; and the next, an old man. He said, 'Come with me, and I will show you your dead relatives'; and suddenly I heard a noise like that of a railroad train. I was carried through the air, and came to a field with a small house on it. I went in, and there was my mother and father and brother who had died long ago. My brother and father were both killed years ago fighting the white man. They came up to me crying, and I shook hands with them." The statement of Sitting Bull how he met the Messiah is very significant of the teaching received from missionaries of the Christian Christ, as will be seen. He describes a star he saw while he was hunting, which he followed unconsciously. Then he came upon a large number of Indians, including many of his old friends who had been killed in various fights with the white men. Black Kettle, who was killed by Custer, he mentions especially as being among them. They were all arranged in a large circle, and were dancing the ghost dance. A man came to him, who afterward he found was the Indian Messiah. He shook Sitting Bull by the hand, and said, "What would you like to eat?" Sitting Bull said he would very much like some buffalo, as it had been a very long time since he had eaten buffalo. The Messiah waved his hand, and a herd of buffalo appeared, and he went out and killed one.

There is no doubt that most of these Indians are sincere in their belief in this new Messiah. It suits them exactly. It is not strange that there should be many versions of how the destruction of the white race and the restoration of the happy hunting-grounds will be accomplished. The manner in which this will be accomplished has been explained in various ways, but it seems generally believed that the Indians will all fall into a trance, and when they awake they will find the whites will have been buried, with all their civilization, many feet beneath the surface of the earth, never to rise again, and the Indians, with all the dead restored to life, will remain upon the earth—renewed and made many times more beautiful—alone to enjoy it. No more reservations, no more white men, no more soldiers, to disturb them; the prairies will be covered with grass waist-deep; the forest and mountains alike will abound in buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope, more abundant than ever.

Another version is that the Messiah will put all the Indians behind him and whites before him; will then roll a stratum of earth thirty feet deep over the earth, burying the white men and all their work beneath. There is little doubt but that this belief is a perversion of the Christian religion as taught by missionaries, and in its present form suits the wishes and hopes of the Indians. It is also very probable that this craze is furthered by the more intelligent and vindictive of the Indians—many of them would be glad to see anything happen to change their condition—and is probably furthered by designing white men who would reap the rewards of an Indian outbreak.

Many of the Indians have joined the Mormon faith, and it is believed that the teachings of the Mormons have encouraged these prophecies, in order to increase their influence with the Indians.

THE ART OF WAR AND NEWSPAPER MEN.

Less than two weeks ago I passed over the trail from Rushville, Nebraska, to the Pine Ridge Agency behind Major-General Nelson A. Miles. To-night the moon is shining as it did then, but it will go down in the middle of the night, and I can see in my mind's eye the Second Infantry and the Ninth Troopers, with their trains of wagons, plodding along in the dark. The distance is twenty-eight miles, and at four o'clock in the morning they will arrive. When the Ogallalas view the pine-clad bluffs they will see in the immediate foreground a large number of Sibley tents, and, being warriors, they will know that each Sibley has eighteen men in it. They will be much surprised. They will hold little impromptu councils, and will probably seek for the motive of this concentration of troops. And some man will say: "Well, the soldiers are here, and if your people don't keep quiet— Well, you know what soldiers are for." The Ogallalas will understand why the soldiers are there without any further explanation. There may be and probably will be some white friend of the Indians who can tell them something they do not know. A little thing has happened since the Ogallalas laid their arms down, and that is that the bluecoats in the Second Infantry can put a bullet into the anatomy of an Ogallala at one thousand yards' range with almost absolute certainty if the light is fair and the wind not too strong.

I must not try to prophesy what the Ogallalas will do when they see the Sibleys, but I hope the friend will be there to tell them what a regular soldier and a Long Tom can do. The days when they could circle like hawks about a rabbit are gone. The modern United States soldier can pile a pony up in a heap before its rider can go one hundred yards. I realize that before this matter is printed the biggest Indian war since 1758 will be in progress, or that the display of military force will have accomplished its object, and the trouble gone.

The thing that is most remarkable about this concentration of troops is that the white people of the country read it in the evening papers, and with the first rays of to-morrow's sun the Ogallalas, the Cheyennes, and the Sitting Bull people will see it with their own eyes. Why did not the white people know it before? It must have occupied the military authorities for some days. The reason is this: not until late years could the Indians read English, but now the school-boys and squaw men can, and I have picked up copies of the New York and Chicago papers on the counters of an Indian trader's store, where a room was full of Indians, three or four of whom could probably read as well as most men. The cause of the secrecy is at once apparent. If an Omaha paper had printed a despatch saying that General Miles was suddenly to concentrate troops at Pine Ridge Agency in three days' time, that paper would be on the counter in a trader's store inside of a day and a half, and the Ogallalas, in all probability, would be scampering over the plains on the way to meet the northern Cheyennes and join issue with Uncle Sam's troops. Now they awake some fine morning and see the Sibleys, and if a turbulent disposition is displayed, the ringleaders are arrested, and the thing stopped. Hundreds of settlers' lives will be saved, thousands of dollars' worth of horses and cattle are left untouched, and the general government escapes the expenses of a war which would run into the millions. Meanwhile you and I read our papers, and find we are reading news which is fresh, only it might have been printed three days before.

In these days a military officer has to conduct his operations as secretly in Indian war as he would in a civilized case, all of which is very different from the days when expeditions were fitting out for months, and every man knew of it. The Interior Department, a few old medicine men, and the most desperate of the old war chiefs must divide the blame for the whole business.

Frederic Remington.

LYRIC AND EPIC.

A little lyric the sunset gleamed
At eve, a heart song warm with love,
Flame and gold, and a pink that dreamed;
Shot with life and the sweet thereof,
Yet inly deeply calm it seemed.

At morn an epic filled the eye,
Moving grand with a hero's gait;
Rain that raged in a wide, gray sky,
Winds that moan disconsolate,
An elemental clash and cry.

Richard E. Burton.

"NO FROST WITHIN."

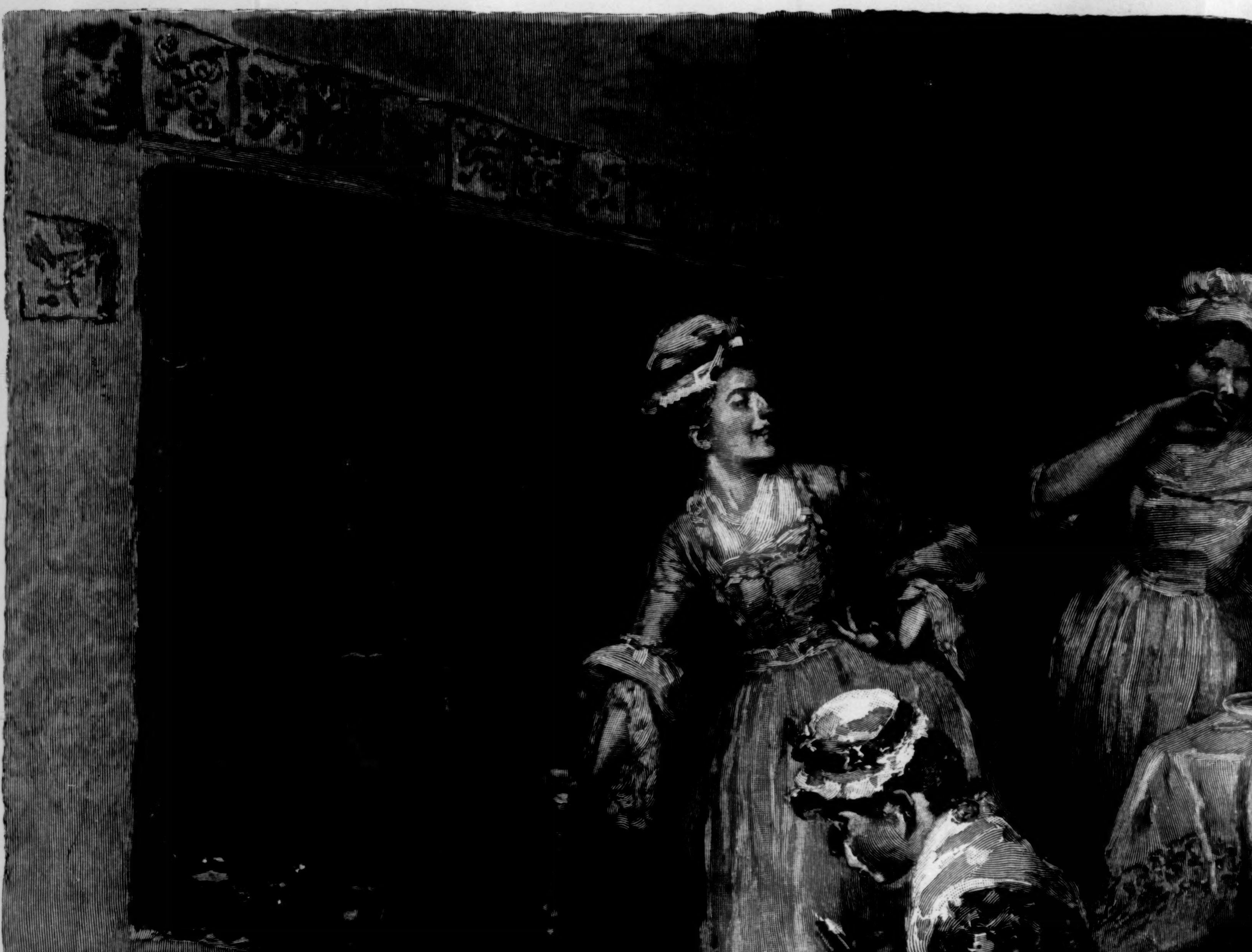
The great bustling outside world knows little of the still sweet current of life that flows along so peacefully in the old Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. To these good people the traditional calm of their forefathers has descended like a legacy, and few are the ripples which disturb the bosom of the stream in that secluded valley where many years ago the founders of this ancient sect built their simple homes and established the church wherein they worshipped according to the peculiar principles of their faith. With the lapse of years much of the curious ceremonial has been eliminated from the service, and the quaint customs which formerly prevailed have become somewhat modified, but there will always be a quaint picturesque atmosphere among the Moravians which cannot fail to impress the visitor who in an idle hour wanders in those quiet ways.

In the front page picture, entitled "No Frost Within," in this issue of the Weekly, an obviously romantic incident in the life of these simple, devout people has appealed to the artist, who has selected these two figures, who have plainly met by accident on Christmas morning, as pleasing types of the life which surrounds them. The young man who sits his horse with so much native grace wears a coat made in much the same primitive manner as those worn by his father and grandfather before him, but it may be well imagined that the question of its style does not trouble him so long as the garment is warm and comfortable. It is probable that he has been to the town on some happy errand of Christmas, and as his horse canters homeward toward the valley whose substantial farm-houses we see in the shadowy distance, its rider is suddenly attracted by the bright smile and cheerful greeting of the young girl, who, having come to the well for her morning's supply of water, is ready to give sparkling, crystal refreshment to man or beast if so desired.

It may be that the two have met at church or at some of the quaint festivals for which the Moravians are famous; or it is not improbable that the home of the girl too lies yonder in the gray cluster of farm-houses. At any rate, it is evident that the two are not strangers, and it is much pleasanter to suppose that they are warm friends, or perhaps even sweethearts, who have thus taken advantage of this festal time to exchange the kindly greeting with which the entire Christian world is vocal this morning. The rude old pump, so carefully swathed in straw, has kept a warm heart through all the rigors of the wintry night which has just passed, and yields up its treasures quite as readily as it would were the stout young rider to happen that way when the moss and the grass are green about it, and when the chill desolation of winter has given place to a more genial season. It is for this reason, and for another more figurative, perhaps, that Mr. Rogers has seen fit to entitle his sketch "No Frost Within." It is easy to suppose that no frost has gathered as yet within these two hearts where the faith of youth is warm and strong, and where the seeds of affection and trust have long since been sown by the most careful religious and humane training. As one looks at the picture he cannot help wishing the young couple a lifetime of happy Christmases.

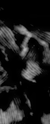
The first settlement of Moravians in America was made in Georgia in 1735, and those at Bethlehem and Nazareth, which adjoins it, in the following year. The land on which these settlements were founded belonged to the Church, which supplied its followers with all the necessities of life. The original system, however, which embraced celibacy and many other curious and ancient customs, gradually became merged in the work of the Protestant Church, until now there is little left to distinguish the Moravians as a sect save the quaint manifestations which are revived on feast-days. The Moravian service is characterized by very fine music, of which there is never any lack. In fact it is said by many to be the finest in the world.

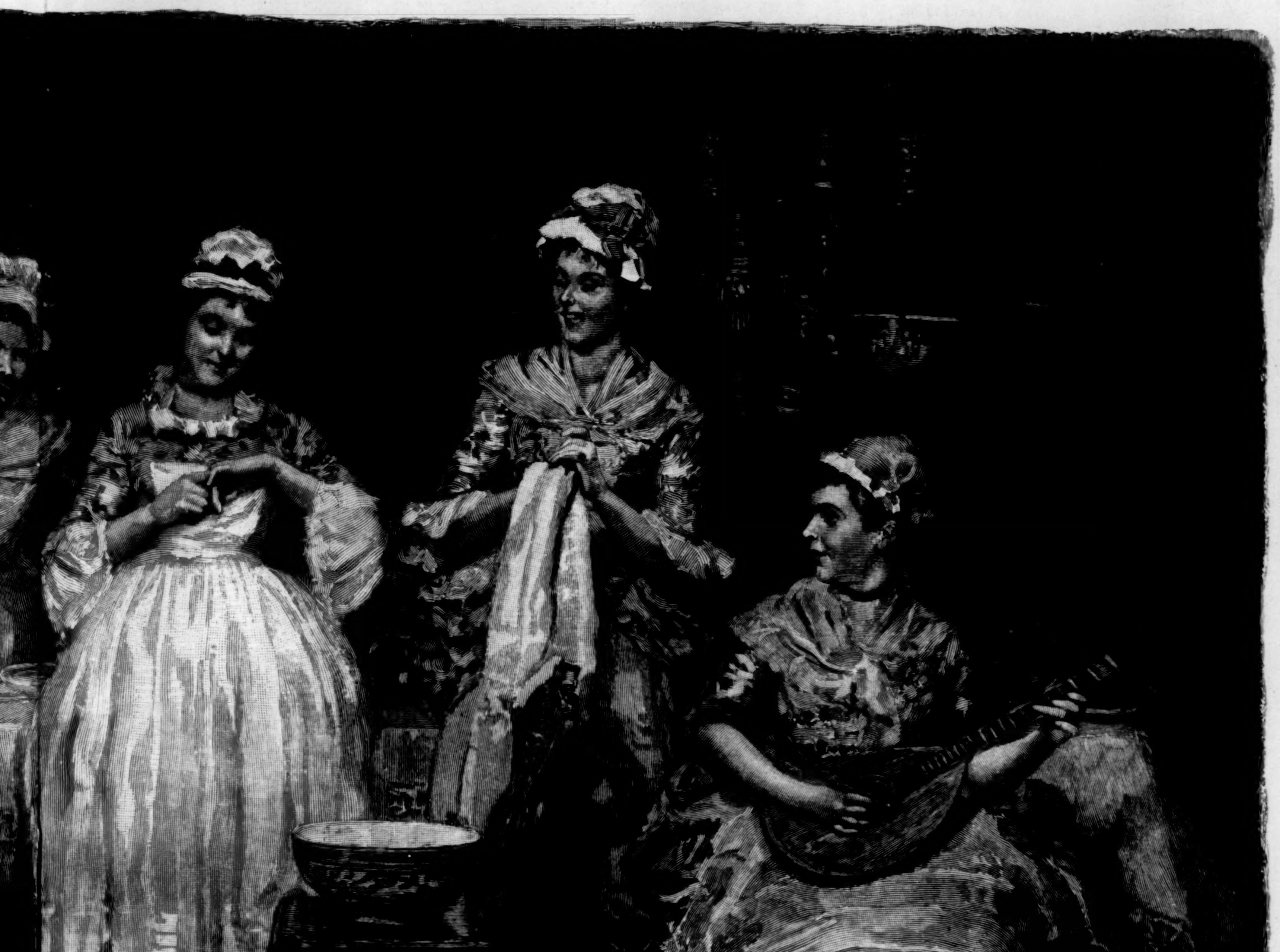
The Moravian, or Bohemian Brethren, as they were formerly known, originated in the national Church of Bohemia, and constituted an order of Christians which existed before the Reformation of the sixteenth century. In 1627 their power was destroyed in Bohemia, and they established new parishes in Prussia, Hungary, and Poland. They were deterred from returning to Moravia by the Peace of Westphalia, which was declared in 1648.



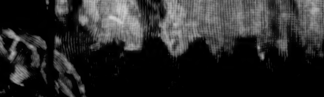
LIGHTING TH

"WASH YOUR HANDS, OR ELSE THE FIRE
WILL NOT TEND TO YOUR DESIRE;





HE YULE LOG.



UNWASHED HANDS, YE MAIDENS, KNOW,
DEAD THE FIRE, THOUGH YE BLOW."

JULIA.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

"BETTER come over to Christmas dinner, Berry; jest home folks—'Liza's sister an' them. Come on over, if you want to; one more won't count."

Berry Lowry laid his hands together over his vest, which was of an obsolete length, its yellowish velvet ground wrought with a design of purple sprigs like dyspeptic caterpillars. "Thank 'e, Si," he said, in a tone of some little dignity. "I d'know as I keer much for coming." A flush was spreading over his small smooth cheek-bones, and his mouth trembled, though it was shut hard.

The other man stretched a brawny argumentative hand over his blue-jeans thigh, and changed his tobacco quid. "I reckon," he said, with a sort of heavy amusement in his wide red face, "thet you an'—Julia—heh! heh!—ull hev it mighty lonesome doin' Christmas by yourse'ves. But suit your taste, Berry. My house is yourn whenever you like to come to it. Me an' you is all thet's left of six childern, an' brothers is brothers. I'm sorry you 'n' m' wife don't gee very well. I don't reckon you take 'Liza jest right. She wishes you well, 'Liza does. Unly last evenin'—er was't evenin' afore last?—she was sayin' you no business livin' by yourse'f, like you hev since mother died, when thar's them handy as would be proud to do fer you." He jerked an explanatory thumb toward the next house, a box of a cottage with a leap of fire-light in the tiny dark window. "She owns her own proputty too," he went on, referring to the occupant of the cottage, "an' you could rent this place, Berry, an' live in her house." He paused, and shook with a deep gurgle of laughter. "I reckon she'd be so glad to git you, way you've shied off all these years, thet she'd let you fetch Julia along, an' set her up in the parlor."

The other man's cheeks hollowed, as if in an effort of self-restraint. His face was like a bit of white wax which has lain for years in a work-box and bears the marks of countless threads. Over his neck grew auburn hair of a wig-like thickness and freshness which mocked at the dim blue of his eyes. There was an uncertain air about him, as if he were puzzled at life, and the whole effect of his presence was as vague as the delicate bloom and evanescent lines of a daguerreotype.

The house in which he had always lived stood just behind him, a lonely little gabled affair, which seemed an embodiment of his own personality. It had a mournful glitter of side-lights in its doorway, and its small upper windows in their half-closed shutters wore an expression of dreary reserve. Moss grew thick on the deep hipped roof, and long stains as of tears crept down from the window-ledges.

"I hev every respect for 'Liza," Berry Lowry was saying, in the insistent tone of one who feels himself mastered by an unreasonable antipathy, "but she needn't mind if I—if I don't keer to hev folks arrange things for me. Mrs. Santmire is a woman," he lowered his voice, glancing furtively at the bright window of the neighboring house, as if he feared his mention of its mistress might, in some occult fashion, draw her to the pane—"a woman I admire, an' all thet; but I d'know as it 'd make me any better off to—to marry."

"You'd git your meals more regerler," suggested Si.

"I don't keer much about meals; 's I say, I think everything of Lina—of Mrs. Santmire, but I d'know. Thar's things in my mind she wouldn't reach up to. I always hed an idea thet if I ever married, I'd like my wife to look like—to be the same style, eyes an' all, of—of—"

His brother turned and spat, in order to have all his faculties free for the huge guffaw into which he burst.

"Of Julia, I reckon? Heh! heh! haw! Yes, sir; I reckon you meant Julia."

But Berry, with a look in his eyes as if he had been struck in the face, was backing up the steps.

"Good-day, Si," he murmured in chill farewell.

He shut the door softly in deference to an instinct of quietness which had been accentuated by his lately dead mother's many years of sickness. Old Mrs. Lowry had been known in the village as a "captain," and her forceful presence still seemed to Berry so thoroughly to pervade the small rooms that he would scarcely have been surprised if a sharp voice from the hall bedroom had inquired if his boots were cleaned before he came in. The old woman's voice had not been one always to inspire good cheer, but Berry had a sense of longing for its high treble tones as he came into the musty sitting-room and caught funereal gleams of hair-cloth from the fiddle-backed chairs about the walls.

"Silas needn't hev spoke as he did," he protested to himself, "but he never had no notion of anything beautiful." He glanced toward the high black mantel-piece, and a look of restfulness came into his eyes. "He hesn't sense enough to appreciate Julia," he said aloud, with something like a triumphant consciousness of his own critical powers.

Julia hung on the wall just above a pair of china vases, scrolled with spidery pink roses and fading gilt. She had hung there during the whole span of Berry Lowry's recollection. He could remember staring up at her when he was so small that his sandy little head had lain clean back on his spine in the strain of upward vision. She seemed to him now, as she had seemed then, the transcendent perfection of womanly beauty, and perhaps this was so because his æsthetic consciousness had been formed upon her lines and tints. These were not of the most ethereal sort, for, indeed, Julia's graces were of rather a florid type. She had an oval face, with perfectly round cheeks, on which a rosy bloom spread, and her eyes, of a surpassing cobalt blue, were also perfectly round. Her crimson mouth had one lip which was like a bow, and one which was like a cherry. Over a brow something wider and higher than the enlightened modern maiden cares to cultivate, brown hair rolled smoothly down from a parting which seemed to have been laid off with a ruler, and above each ear a clump of ringlets hung with a spirited outward spring, suggesting the attitude of a fiery charger's tail. Her gown made a straight line from sloping shoulder to shoulder, and on one slim, apparently boneless finger Julia held a dove, as rigidly white as if done in block sugar. About all this loveliness a gilt frame unfolded a massy circlet of bloated cherubim violently sporting in a wreath of fat flowers.

"If Lina's hair was only brown," meditated Berry Lowry, gazing in a rapture at the vision above him, "it 'd be easier. But it's black, an' I believe thar's some gray in it.... It's turrible still around the house since mother died. I like Lina better than any one I know, an' yet....somehow if I married her I might always be setting Julia off against her, an' mebby my manner would show thet—thet I didn't always think Lina came out ahead!" He sighed, and then turned to listen, having caught the sound of an approaching tread on the frosty path outside.

There was a hesitating sort of step on the porch, and presently a very little rap sounded. It had grown rather dark outside, and as Berry opened the door he saw a low white star in the sky just behind the figure of the woman who was standing on his threshold, her arms weighted with a covered tray.

She gave forward a little, and there was a jingle of crockery. "Oh, Mr. Lowry! why, I run in with a snack of fried chicken an' hot biscuits for your tea. Seems so lonely for you, eatin' by yourself on Christmas Eve. I don't gen'ly cook much for supper; but I got comp'ny to-night—some o' Santmire's kin from Casey County."

"Mrs. Santmire, it's awful good of you, but—"

She was pressing the tray upon him, and the slim tin edge on which his fingers closed seemed to him like a blade which was severing his last instinct of reluctance. Mrs. Santmire's head was canopied in a green plaid shawl; but it did not hide her face, on which widowhood sat like a habit of nature. Her black hair had a crinkle in it like crape, and her sad large eyes had an expression of hopeful melancholy. Their color was also not unsuggestive, being of the deep purple hue which conventionality signifies a mitigated grief. She might not be able to compete with Julia's exaggerated brilliancy, but she had a grace of her own and a gentle air of dependence which gave even so unforceful a spirit as Berry Lowry's a sense of masculine vigor, as if a willow sapling should feel itself an oak under the persuasive touch of a thread of ivy.

"We ben neighbors a long time," he faltered, "an' sometimes I think—if things was differ'nt—" His voice broke helplessly, and he stood staring over the tray, hoping she would help him out.

But though she had always seemed willing to help him out since the remote days when he had paid his addresses to her in a desultory fashion so unlike the masterly wooing of Jacob Santmire that, in the village parlance, the latter had beaten his time, just now the widow made no proffer of help, but went on braiding a handful of shawl fringe, her eyes down, her breath rather hurried.

"I must be going," she said, suddenly. "Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Lowry."

Berry set his tray on the marble centre table. Then he stirred the fire and sat down, with a sense of comfort in the desolate cheer of the room. It had always seemed to him that if he would he might have Lina Santmire to wife, not because of any qualities of his own, other than loneliness and an inability to cope with life, which he felt she must know and pity. He thought anew, almost with a sense of dread, of the countless kindnesses he had had of her. He remembered how she had ministered to his mother in her last sickness, and with a mind still tingling to his brother's suggestion of the widow's regard for him, it came home to him that he was ungenerous and ungrateful if he did not forthwith offer her the little in his gift.

He was aware of being fond of her, but he glanced at Julia, and had the old spasm of uncertainty. For once, it seemed to him as if Julia's smile was not responsive. That wide gaze of hers had an implication of witchery, as if she mocked at his adoration; her lips flaunted their crimson at him with an air of derision, as of one sated with conquest; her hair was attired with a preconception of effect; her gown left her sloping neck too bare; her arched brows were contemptuous; her finger gibed at him.

"Frail as I am," she seemed to say, "I have held you in thrall as long as I cared to hold you. This homely woman, who loves you, I, who cannot love you, have made pitiable in your eyes. You have sought me always in her plain face, but you have never found me there in all the long years in which you have made her wretched."

The wind outside had chopped to the west as the night wore on, and the scream of it in Berry Lowry's ears was like the laugh of a lost soul making merry at some human creature's weakness. He sprang to his feet and clambered on one of the slippery chairs, and snatched the gold frame from the wall on which it had hung so long that, as he jerked it loose, the spot of unsullied, unfaded paper it had covered leered at him like a ghostly face. There was a chill tremor in his fingers, but he held the picture in a stiff grasp, and without a glance at the wide blue eyes which had befooled him, he cast it, face down, in the dying fire, which on the instant appeared to brighten as with a righteous wish to destroy.

It was late and dark and cold, but he laid hold of his hat, and scarcely drew breath till he undid his door, and set forth into the night, his eyes fixed on the waning glow in his neighbor's window.

She stared at him in alarm as the inner fire-light revealed his pale face in the doorway. He had taken off his hat, and his auburn hair rayed round his shrunken temples like a ring of gold.

"I've come to see if you would keer to marry me, Lina," he said, with a piteous sort of eagerness. "I d'know why I never ast you before. If you'll take me, I'll know it's unly because you feel sorry for me, Lina. You know I hevn't no faculty. I never got along in business. I lost three hundred dollars in Wiggins's shoe store."

Mrs. Santmire's lip trembled. A look of compassion and tenderness and regret darkened her purple eyes, and she covered her face. "If you'd ast me before, Berry, I would of hed you. I always liked you; but now, I can't. I didn't 'spicion you keered, an' I've give my word to marry Santmire's cousin, Clay Green, of Casey. He's wanted me these ten years, but I never gave in till to-night. 'Twas him an' his sister took supper here."

The stars overhead were holding a wild dance in time to a wilder rhythm in Berry Lowry's head. A crowd of boys went down the road dragging a fir-tree, the aromatic smell of which reminded him, with a throb of the heart, that it was on for Christmas Day.

He wondered if there were ice on the ground that his feet moved over it so lightly. And that oblique radiance in the sky? Was it a falling star? Why should a falling star have power to dim the whole fixed heaven with its glory? Was there always a transport in perished hopes, a rapture which in some strange fashion made them sweeter than hopes which reach fulfilment?

He shook all over as he came into his sitting-room, and saw the sickly smoke which was curling above the grate. Tongues of flame were beginning to lick through the white haze, and his eyes dilated as he saw them. Suddenly he fell on his knees, and laid his hands among the coals, and as he dragged the charred gold frame from its hot bed, he gave a gasp of delight, for the glass had saved her, and Julia's face, immortally young and beautiful, looked at him with the old sweetness from among her blackened cherubim.

THE YULE-CLOG.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE has been shorn of its ancient glories, but there still linger in many parts of Great Britain relics of the customs associated with the most picturesque of festivities. The carol singers even now go from house to house chanting their immemorial ballads, the sacred mistletoe hangs on the wall with its sly invitation, and the yule-log (or *clog*, old English) is set ablaze on Christmas Eve. The picture on our double page represents this old ceremony—the gathering of laughing girls about to perform the symbolic act which connects the birth of the Saviour with the nature religion of the past, long since buried deep in historic mould, and so perpetuates the family tree of the world's worship. The official certificate of December 25th as the day of the nativity came centuries late. The true fact must forever remain unknown. It was not till the end of the fourth century that the day was generally fixed by ecclesiastical sanction. The final selection of the period of the winter solstice is full of significance, as it had its tap-root far down in the débris of religious history.

The time when the sun wheels on his upward climb was made a cardinal fact in all the ancient mythologies, and stamped itself in religious and social custom. The Roman Saturnalia occurred at this period, and was a carnival holiday of joy and feasting, marked by universal license and merrymaking. The relation of master and servant temporarily ceased, business was suspended, houses were decked with evergreens, presents were exchanged, and every species of game and amusement practised. Among the Scandinavians extensive bonfires were kindled out-of-doors and huge blocks of wood lighted within in honor of Odin and Thor, both of whom were tutelary deities of the sun. So, too, the Druidical rites celebrated the period with fires blazing under oaks where grew the mistletoe, and the worshippers of Mithras, the sun-god of Persia, relighted the sacred flame from the old one amidst great rejoicing, and by the hand of a spotless vestal. At a still earlier period we find the Phœnicians celebrating the period in their worship of the sun-god Baal. It was natural that the god of light, taking on a new birth, should be thus adored with peculiar observances.

The primitive Church, uncertain of the date of Christ's birth, wisely identified its own great festival with the period of general mirth and rejoicing, especially as it involved the symbolism of a new and glorious light rising on a torpid world. When Christianity spread through the Teutonic nations it did not fail to select and assimilate to its own needs such sympathetic rites as had the charter of old tradition. The ancient cult was freely used to give richer life to the new. From this time Christmas borrowed the legends and customs of yule, and thence we derive many of the quaint observances which gave such unique and picturesque aspects to the Christmas festival, and which still exist to some degree in rural England. Yule, according to the best etymology, is derived from an old Norse word *giul*, meaning a wheel, and so was applied to the great festival marking the turning-point of the year. All the old black-letter clog almanacs mark Christmas with a wheel.

Among the Christmas rites made sacred by time-honored custom which had come down from old pagan times the burning of the yule-clog, or log, has been one of the most tenacious. The log was drawn on the day before Christmas with great pomp to the hearth-stone, and all who passed it on the way stood uncovered, for the great block meant something more than comfort and joy for the body; it signified the rising of the Light of the World. In its fire were supposed to be burned all feud and heart-burning between neighbors, and in the brown October that foamed in the wassail-bowls when the log was fired it was hoped that all long-cherished hates would be drowned. In the houses of the rich and noble the ceremonies were elaborate on Christmas Eve, and even the peasant did not neglect the rites typical of the occasion. Herrick's sweet and homely verses vividly call up the vision of the lighting of the yule-clog:

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drunk to your heart's desiring.

"With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and,
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending.

"Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here
The while the meat is a-shredding;
For the rare mince-pie
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

The allusion in the second stanza refers to one of the characteristic features of the lighting of the yule-log. It must be kindled with the charred brands of the last year's firing to possess any special virtue. So the relics were carefully stored away in the cellar; and these were also believed to exercise a special charm in protecting the roof-tree from evil spirits as well as from more material perils. Against accidents by fire these "chrisom" brands were specially efficacious, and the rustic would think he had but a poor insurance policy without a charred remnant stowed away in some nook. Another characteristic feature of belief as regards the lighting demanded that the function should be performed with clean hands, otherwise the fire would not burn. Probably the superstition fulfilled its own needs, as in obedience to it no one would dare approach the hearth-stone without flesh spotless of stain. This association of physical purity with firing the Christmas log undoubtedly runs back to the traditions of ancient fire-worship. Physical and moral cleanliness are closely linked. The annual fire of Mithras among the Persians was lighted by an unspotted maid. The priestesses of Vesta must be virgins; failing which, they were slain by the hands of an inexorable law. The torch that set bonfire and house log ablaze among our old Teutonic forebears in honor of the yule festival must be applied by one as pure as the snow. Thus do ancient habits and beliefs remain preserved like flies in amber.

With the yule-log went the yule-candle, which was of monstrous size, and lighted the banquet. In the buttery of St. John's College, Oxford, not many years ago was still shown an ancient stone sconce, ornamented with a figure of the Holy Lamb, which held the yule-candle during the twelve nights of the festival, for at an earlier period the merrymaking of Christmas was an unbroken round of feast and fun till Twelfth Day. Closely associated, too, with the yule fire was the hanging of the mistletoe. The legend of the mistletoe is an inheritance from the religion of the Druids. The cathedral arches under which the Celts worshipped were the spreading branches of the oak, the roof a dense foliage of greenery, and the mistletoe, the mystical parasite of the tree, was a symbol full of meaning, for it was believed to renew its life by some agency differing from that which propagated all other plants, and to exist by a divine power. Here, under the oak, the favorite tree of the Celtic sun-god, at the period of the winter-solstice, priests and people sacrificed white bulls and human victims. The mistletoe was gathered and dispensed in small sprays, to be hung by the worshippers over their doors as amulets against evil and propitiation to the sylvan deities. The Scandinavian legend of the mistletoe, which tells the story how Loki, the god of fire, made the mistletoe the agent of the death of Balder, most glorious of Odin's children, is familiar to all students of the Norse Sagas. The mistletoe continues to be specially cultivated in England, for the sale which is always large at Christmas-tide, but the apple-tree has taken the place of the oak, as the soil on which the plant feeds the most generously. The kissing privilege connected with the mistletoe during the days of yule is probably the most familiar relic of its traditions. Both the yule-fire and the mistletoe were of old believed to have special virtue as safeguards against the powers of evil; yet when they became thoroughly embodied in the Christian legend, it was not so much this as their suggestion of the divine power which at Christmas kept the Prince of Darkness and his satellites in abject submission, that gave them their value. All readers of Shakespeare will remember the legend and its association with the crowing of the cock, as put in the mouth of Marcellus in *Hamlet:*

> "It faded on the crowing of the cock.
> Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
> This nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

One of the most interesting facts about Christmas is that its observances among our English forefathers, not so very many years ago either, so largely reproduced the customs of the Roman Saturnalia as well as the legends of Norseman and Celt. The decking of houses with greens, the universal present-giving, the freedom of speech and license of action, the entire surrender of the public mind to amusement, were characteristic of both. The habit of masters waiting on their own dependents was reproduced, too, in mediæval England, and families of wealth were often put to serious straits by the liberties which servant knaves and wenches took during this season. The games of Christmas were of the most varied kind. The carol singers still chant their quaint ballads, it may be said, and the mummers who went from house to house, acting the rude old play of St. George and the Dragon, are perpetuated even in iconoclastic America in the bands of grotesquely dressed children who parade the streets of our large cities on Christmas Day.

In mediæval times all things else were subject to the Lord of Misrule during the Christmas-tide, and this functionary had a special official dignity. In the King's palace, in the streets, as the delegate of the city corporation, in the universities, and in the Inns of Court, this king of fun and merriment had full sway. Every gentleman of rank in the country appointed one of his servants to be a "master of merry disports." The father of the author of *Evelyn's Diary* gave the following commission, the wording of which very well expresses the wide latitude given: "*Imprimis:* I give free leave to Owen Flood, my trumpeter, gentleman, to be Lord of Misrule over all good orders during twelve days. And also I give free leave to the said Owen Flood to command all and every person or persons whatsoever, as well servants as others, to be at his command whensoever he shall sound his trumpet or music, and to do him good service as though I were present myself, at their perils. . . . I give full power and authority to his lordship to break up all locks, bolts, bars, doors, and latches, and to fling up all doors out of hinges, to come at those who presume to disobey his lordship's commands. God save the King!" It was in the Inns of Court, in London, the domain of the grave gentlemen of the law, that the Lord of Misrule was allowed the fullest swing, and played his brief sovereignty with the greatest splendor. He even had his two chaplains, who preached before him on Christmas in the Temple Church, and with no thought of irreverence, though the motley figures which made up the train of the monarch, and went through such grotesque fooling, were not such as we should associate with acts of worship. The whole thing was like the Roman Carnival of to-day, and probably even more rude and boisterous in the wild pranks played by the courtiers of the Merry Monarch. There is a vivid description of these performances in Scott's novel of *The Abbot*, which is described with all the picturesque realism that the "Wizard of the North" delighted to give in reproducing the past.

HOLLAND'S FUTURE QUEEN.

Holland has had her George III. as well as England, and her late King was certainly none the happier for the length of a life that reached its seventy-fourth year only to melt into the living death of insanity and hopeless illness ere the grave actually closed upon it. But, more fortunate than his English prototype, William III. of Holland did not live to see his favorite daughter die before him. Princess Wilhelmina has survived to close the eyes of her aged father, and a little girl of ten is now heir to what little is left of the once formidable power of Holland, and to the mingled blood of Nassau, Hohenzollern, and Romanoff.

Even the short life of the child Queen has been marked by many a sinister presage. The day of her birth (August 31, 1880) was clouded by those vague but gloomy apprehensions of possible annexation by the all-absorbing Bismarck, in allusion to which the Dutch Envoy at Berlin, when invited by the German Chancellor to admire the stalwart grenadiers of the Prussian Guards, said, pointedly, "They are not quite tall enough, for we can flood our country twelve feet deep." Her third birthday was darkened by the wide-spread mourning that followed the havoc with which a convulsion more terrific than the earthquake of Lisbon overwhelmed the fairest portions of Sumatra and Java.

Two years later came a fresh grief, in the death at Paris of her handsome, bright-eyed brother, the last of the famous Princes of Orange. With him ended the male line of Nassau, through which the crown descended; and in 1887 the succession was formally secured to the little rosy-cheeked girl at play in the palace garden of the Hague, who knew nothing about it.

Then came January, 1889, bringing trouble to the palace once more. Little Wilhelmina was gently told that her father was very ill, and could not be seen; and for many weeks to come the child watched with round, wondering eyes many strange proceedings—constant comings and goings of solemn Ministers and prim-looking Councillors of State, huge bundles of papers brought for her mother to sign, and frequent conferences of grave-faced men on stairs and in anterooms, with much whispering and shaking of heads. After all this gloom and mystery, the poor little Princess might well be pleased when, on the 29th of April, she was at last admitted to the royal apartments, and allowed to kiss the pale and wasted cheek of the poor old father whose reign and life were so soon to end together.

The future sovereign was apparently not much charmed with the idea of her coming exaltation, for it is said that when told that she would one day be Queen of Holland, her first question was, "Shall I have to write my name on all those papers every day as mamma does?" In truth, the lesson that greatness does not always bring happiness might be learned by her from the history of the three women whose names she bore—Wilhelmina of Baireuth, the clever and unhappy sister of Frederick the Great; Princess Pauline of Schwartzenberg, who was burned to death at the second wedding of Napoleon; and the even more ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

Even when emancipated from the regency of her mother, Queen Emma (who has proved herself fully equal to that duty), the future Queen can hardly hope to play a leading part on the stage of Europe. Holland, like Sweden and Denmark, has had its day, and the times of William the Silent and of John De Witt are past forever. But the young sovereign may still emulate the career of quiet usefulness which has linked her father's name with the extension of the parliamentary system, the development of national railways, the draining of the Haarlem Lake and Zuyder Zee, the concession of equal rights to men of all creeds alike, and the retrenchment of 400,000 florins from his own "civil list" (a full third of the whole), as an example of the economy that he preached to others. The dead King's deep and abiding love of music, too, has a tinge of romance when taken in connection with the Malibran Prize that he founded at Brussels, in honor of the famous singer who was the passion of his early manhood, and the cherished memory of his lingering age.

David Ker.

BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER.

("MRS. PARTINGTON.")

In very many households in the land "Mrs. Partington" is loved and laughed at. She has endeared herself to thousands by her genial smile and never-failing kindness of heart, and she has provoked many a hearty laugh by her quaint speeches, in which her never-tiring humor shows. Her forte lay in the misuse of learned words and harmless little affectations and eccentricities of manner, after the fashion of Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*. But the comparison between the two need go no further, as Mrs. Partington differed from her prototype in being loving and lovable, and the anxiety displayed for "Ike" is only a mother's tenderness intensified. But while the illustrious woman has become so famous and widely known, the name of her author and creator is not so familiar.

Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber died of heart-disease at his home in Chelsea, Massachusetts, on November 25th, after a long illness. He was born July 12, 1814, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and after studying at the Exeter Academy, took up the trade of a printer at the age of sixteen years. This was at Dover, New Hampshire; and after five years he went to Demarara, Guiana, where he remained three years, following his trade. Returning to America, he entered into the pursuits of journalism, and became attached to the Boston *Post*. It was during his connection with this paper in 1847 that Mrs. Partington made her bow to the world from its columns. She achieved a signal success from the start, for her sayings had a flavor of sound homely philosophy, with all their high-sounding and grotesque elaboration. Three years later Mr. Shillaber undertook the publication of a comic paper, which had a list of very famous names as contributors, but after a short existence the paper succumbed, and its editor returned to his place on the editorial staff on the *Post*. Later on he was connected editorially with the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, and contributed at the same time to a number of papers. It was about this time he became first known as a poet. Venturing upon the lecture platform, he met with little success, and soon retired. For some time he has been in poor health, and has lived quietly in his home at Chelsea. Not long ago a series of syndicated articles ran through the newspapers, and a number of younger people were surprised at the reappearance of Mrs. Partington, whom they considered as belonging to their fathers' time. The list of his published works is as follows: *Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington*, *Rhymes With Reason and Without*, *Knitting-work*, *Partington Patchwork*, *Lines in Pleasant Places*, *Cruises with Captain Bob*, *The Double-runner Club*, and *Wide Swath*. Mr. Shillaber was not a rich man, but he had accumulated a modest sum, and his life was one of the happiest. He was a married man, and leaves four children, his wife having died seven years ago.

It is interesting to note the anecdote which, it is claimed, suggested to Mr. Shillaber his famous character, and also contributed her name. In a speech delivered by Sidney Smith in 1831, at Taunton, England, he spoke as follows: "I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington upon that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was aroused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The organization of the World's Columbian Exposition may now be said to be practically completed and in effective working order. To enable the President of the National Commission to notify the President of the United States that the requisite $10,000,000 fund has been provided for with reasonable certainty, and that all the conditions prescribed by Congress have been met, it but remains for the Chicago city government to issue bonds for the $5,000,000 it has been authorized to borrow. The city authorities will require that $3,000,000 of the private subscriptions shall be paid in before the loan is made. At the meeting of the commission, the sessions of which began on the 18th and ended on the 26th of November, the important questions that had been long awaiting action, and that it was necessary to decide before further progress could be made, were successfully disposed of. The site was definitely fixed, the clashing as to authority between the national and local boards provided against, and the conduct of affairs placed virtually under one management.

The wide difference of views as to site that existed between the directors and commissioners was mainly composed by the action of the Chicago South Park Commissioners, who at the eleventh hour eliminated Washington Park from the discussion as to the location for the main part of the Fair by notifying those concerned that if that area were used for the purpose, the trees, roads, paths, etc., must not be interfered with. This was a parallel to Portia's telling Shylock to take his pound of flesh without shedding a drop of blood. The commissioners, though disappointed in the matter of Washington Park, remained firm in their opposition to the directors' plan of placing many of the important buildings on the Lake Front Park. The result was that Jackson Park was agreed upon as the principal seat; Washington Park, where available, and the Midway Plaisance connecting the two to be used for the overflow; and the Lake Front Park, six miles away, to have a few of the attractive features. In a sense this last-named area, distant as it is, may be regarded as the city entrance to the whole Exposition. It contains the terminal station of three steam railways leading directly to Jackson Park. These are the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central, and the Kankakee line. The first-named company, however, is the sole owner of the numerous tracks.

In the Lake Front Park, which lies abreast the business centre of Chicago, are to be placed the Art Gallery, which, it is intended, shall be a permanent structure, and probably a decorative art annex; a music hall, with space for musical instruments; an electric-light building, though not for electric appliances in general; and, if it be decided to have them, a water palace and steel tower. The expensive filling and piling determined upon some time since by the directors, and for which bids were advertised, will be relinquished. Jackson Park, where the main, government, and most of the other important buildings will be placed, lies on the lake-shore, so that it can be reached by water as well as by land, and contains 586 acres. Much of this is unimproved, and but a portion will be used. The Midway Plaisance leading to Washington Park is 600 feet wide, and has an area of about 80 acres, and there is plenty of land in Washington Park that can be utilized for minor purposes by the managers if needed, the restrictions mentioned above notwithstanding.

The ominous disputes as to the respective powers of the National Commission and the Board of Directors were in large part disposed of by almost altogether relieving the numerous double sets of committees of their labors, and turning the work over to the single management of the Director-General and the bureaus under him. Questions that still may arise are to be decided by a Board of Reference and Control, consisting of sixteen members, half of whom are chosen from the commission and half from the directors. The Director-General thus becomes what his title implies, and is responsible accordingly. He appoints the heads of the bureaus, subject to the confirmation of the representatives of the national and local boards. Three bureaus, respectively of Forestry, of Publicity and Promotion, and of Foreign Affairs have been added to those previously agreed upon, making fifteen in all, and caring for as many departments. The 115 Lady Managers began the sessions of their first meeting on November 19th. Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, was elected President; and Miss Phœbe Couzins, of St. Louis, Secretary. This latter officer was subsequently allowed by the National Commission an annual salary of $2000. Nine Vice-Presidents were chosen in the following order, namely: Mrs. Trautman, of New York; Mrs. Burleigh, of Maine; Mrs. Charles Price, of North Carolina; Miss Minor, of Louisiana; Mrs. Wilkins, of the District of Columbia; Mrs. Ashley, of Colorado; Mrs. Ginty, of Wisconsin; Mrs. Salisbury, of Utah; and Mrs. Russell Harrison, of Montana. The last was designated Vice-President-at-large. The Lady Managers adopted the same rules of government as those of the National Commission. They petitioned the latter body for a speedy definition of their powers, which seem to remain simply advisory. Among their most prominent acts was a recommendation of Miss Sara T. Hallowell as Art Director; the adoption of a request to the effect that the competition of women should not be set apart from the main one; and a further request that they be allowed to do some useful work. The National Commission does not meet again in full session until April, 1891.

AUGUST BELMONT.

Mr. August Belmont died at his residence on Fifth Avenue on the morning of the 24th of November, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. For fifty years he had been a resident of New York city, and during all of that time he lived a large and liberal life. He was a many-sided man, and in whatever he took an interest he engaged with zealous discretion. As a banker, a politician, a turfman, an art patron, and a society leader, he held a very high place. Mr. Belmont was born in Alzei, in the Palatinate, Rhenish Prussia, December 6, 1816. His father was a small landed proprietor, and gave to the son what education it was possible for him to acquire up to the age of fourteen. At that time he entered the banking house of the Rothschild Brothers at Frankfort-on-the-Main. His first duty was to sweep out the offices, and for this he received no compensation other than the opportunity to learn the mysteries of banking.

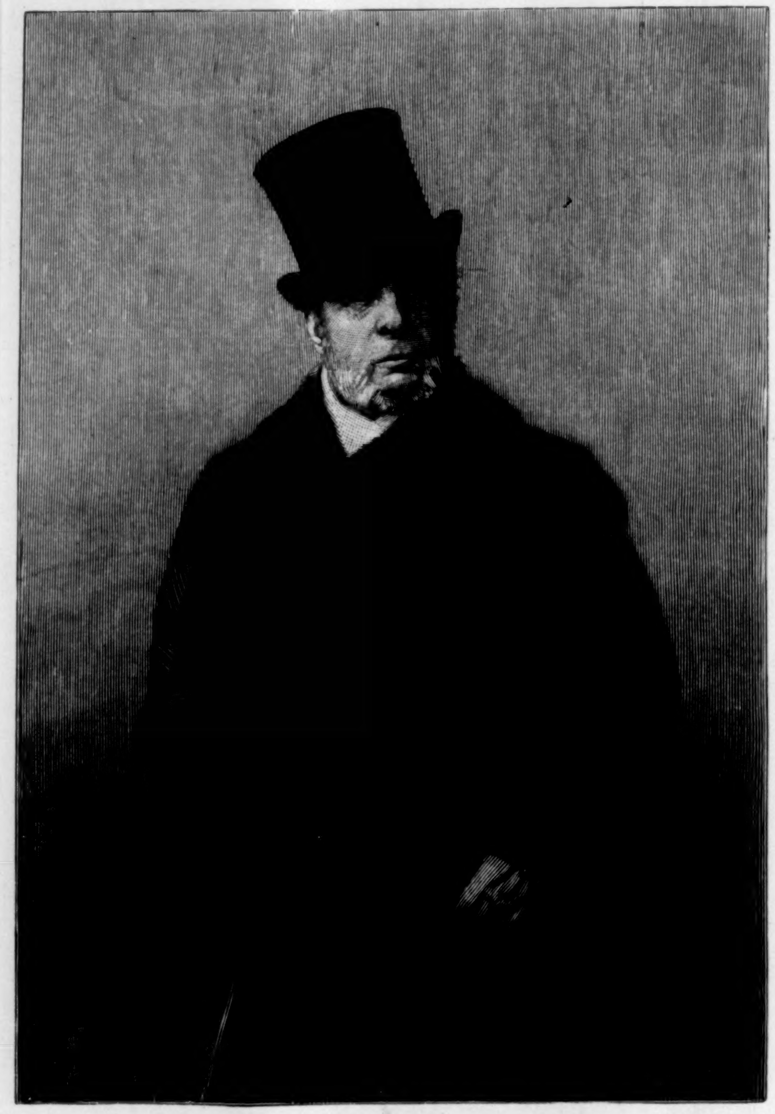
Mr. Belmont probably did not serve a long apprenticeship to the broom, for after three years in the Frankfort house he was sent to the Naples branch of the establishment. Here he remained three years, and during this time he cultivated his taste for art, which he preserved during his long and busy life. When scarcely twenty-one years old he was sent by his principals to Havana to straighten out some complications existing there. When this was done he resigned his position as a clerk with the Rothschilds, and coming to New York, opened a modest office in Wall Street, and began the banking business on his own account. His former employers now made him their American agent, and he has so acted during all this while. He began selling bills of exchange in competition with older and better-known concerns. It is said these competitors did not take kindly to the opposition. On one occasion he sold to the Bank of Maryland drafts on the Rothschilds, and when these were presented in London they were not accepted. There was glee among the financial wiseacres. After a very brief delay, however, it was known to all the banking houses in the country that the Rothschilds had paid the drafts, and in addition a fifteen per cent. indemnity. From that time till now the credit of his banking house has never been questioned.

Mr. Belmont in his business was successful from the first. He was not a gambler in stocks, but a legitimate banker, and his fortune grew steadily. Before he was thirty he was counted one of the rich men of New York, and by the time he was forty he was a millionaire. In 1844 the Austrian government appointed him Consul-General, and this office he retained for six years, when he relinquished it because of his disapproval of the manner in which the Austrian government treated the Hungarian patriots. In 1849 Mr. Belmont fought a duel with a man from South Carolina who had used an expression about a lady, which Mr. Belmont resented. Mr. Belmont was shot in the thigh, and was lamed for life. In the same year he married the daughter of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, the famous naval officer who reopened the ports of Japan after they had been closed to the world for several centuries. After his marriage to this beautiful and charming woman they were for twenty-five years among the leaders of fashionable society in New York. In 1875, after a bereavement, they retired from this leadership, and to a great extent withdrew from society.

When Mr. Belmont had attained his citizenship, which he did as soon as he could, he joined the Democratic party, and with this he was allied to the last, though of late years he has not been active in his party service. In 1853 President Pierce appointed him Minister to the Hague. He served in that capacity for four years, and during the time succeeded in getting permission, long refused, from the Dutch government to place American consuls in the Dutch East Indies. When he returned to this country, he found the politics of the nation in that dangerous ferment which preceded the war. He took the side of Douglas, and was appointed chairman of the National Democratic Committee by the Convention which sat at Baltimore. During each succeeding Presidential campaign Mr. Belmont filled that post until in 1872, when Greeley was nominated, he resigned. Before the war actually began, Mr. Belmont was one of those who thought it wiser to let the cotton States quietly go out of the Union. He thought that in a little while they would all be glad enough to get back. After the attack on Fort Sumter, he was uncompromisingly in favor of fighting the war out to the end. His services to the Union at this period were many and varied. He urged, through the great banking house for which he acted, that the resources of the South were entirely inadequate for the struggle which had begun, and his representations had serious weight in preventing the Confederacy from getting money abroad. He recently privately published a book of letters, many of which were written during this stirring period. This extract from a letter to Baron Lionel de Rothschild, dated a month and a half after the fall of Sumter, will give some idea of how he felt at that time:

"You know that I have never been in favor of the party which is now at the head of our government, and my convictions on this point have in no way been changed. I am, however, convinced that the whole North to a man will stand by the administration in the present struggle, and that, *come what may*, the integrity of the Union and the inviolability of our territory will be maintained to the bitter end."

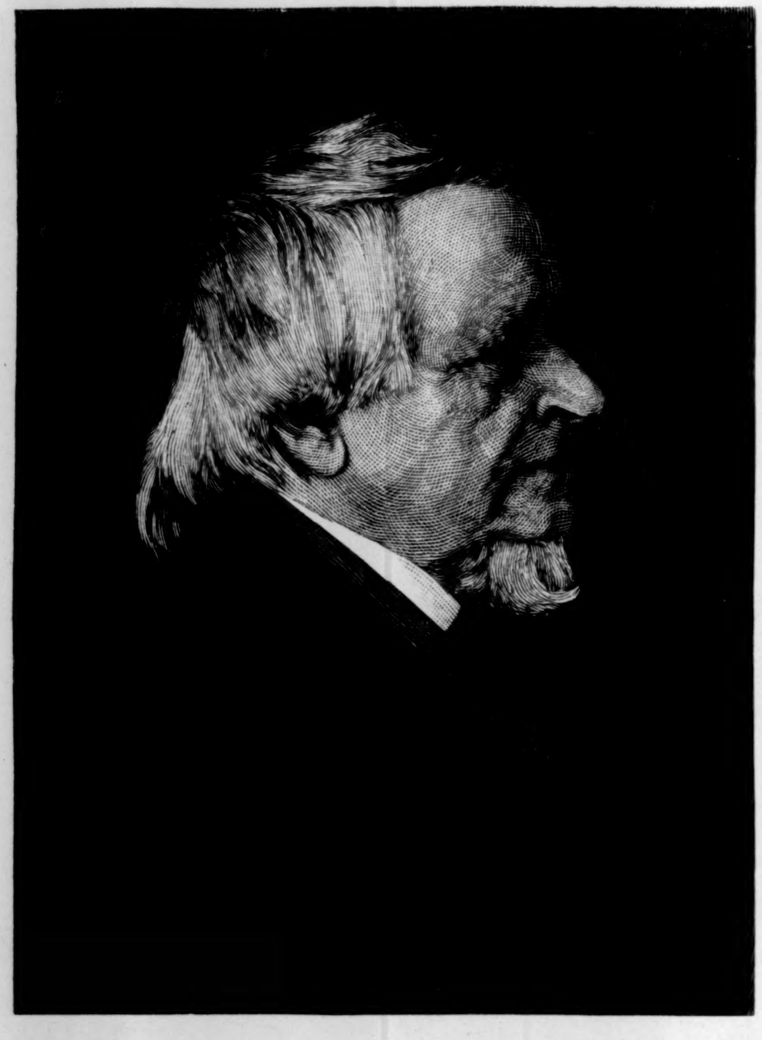
He also assisted in raising the first German regiment to go to the front from New York. He went to England and France and Spain to do what he could to further the Union cause, and the information which he sent to Mr. Seward was timely and valuable. He zealously supported McClellan for the Presidency, and he opened the Convention which nominated Seymour and Blair. Though he retired from his position of chairman of the Democratic Committee when Mr. Greeley was nominated in 1872, he still took part in the councils of his party. He was in favor of nominating Mr. Bayard in 1876, again in 1880, and again when Mr. Cleveland carried off the prize in 1884.

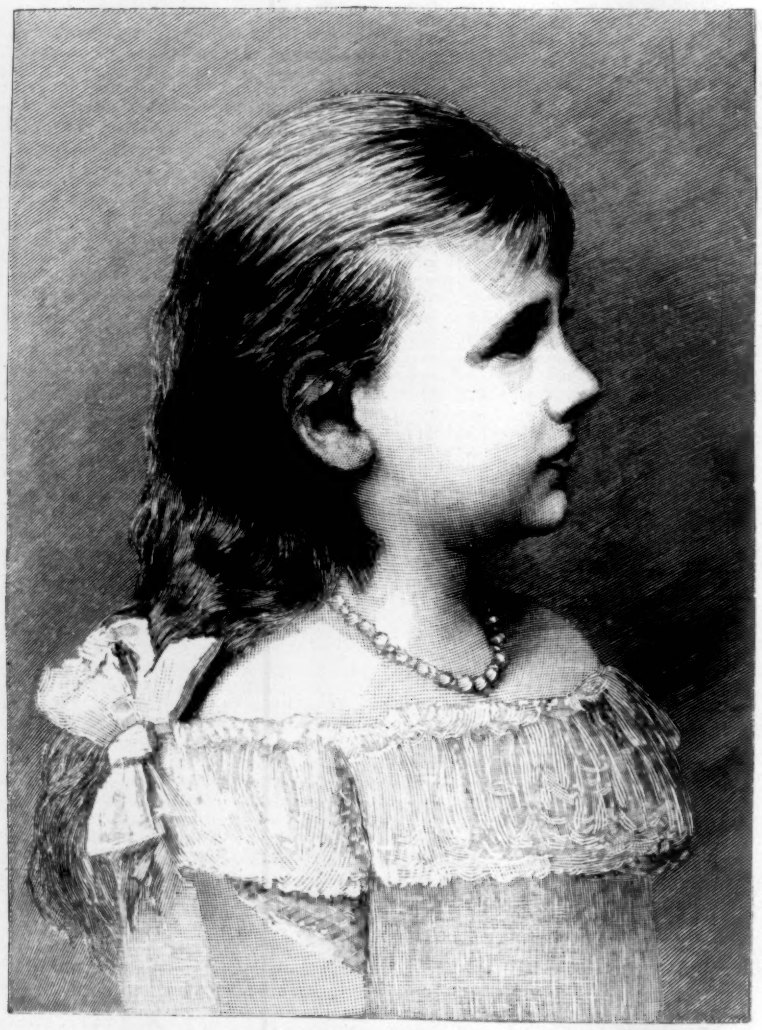

THE LATE AUGUST BELMONT, OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.
[SEE PAGE 951.]

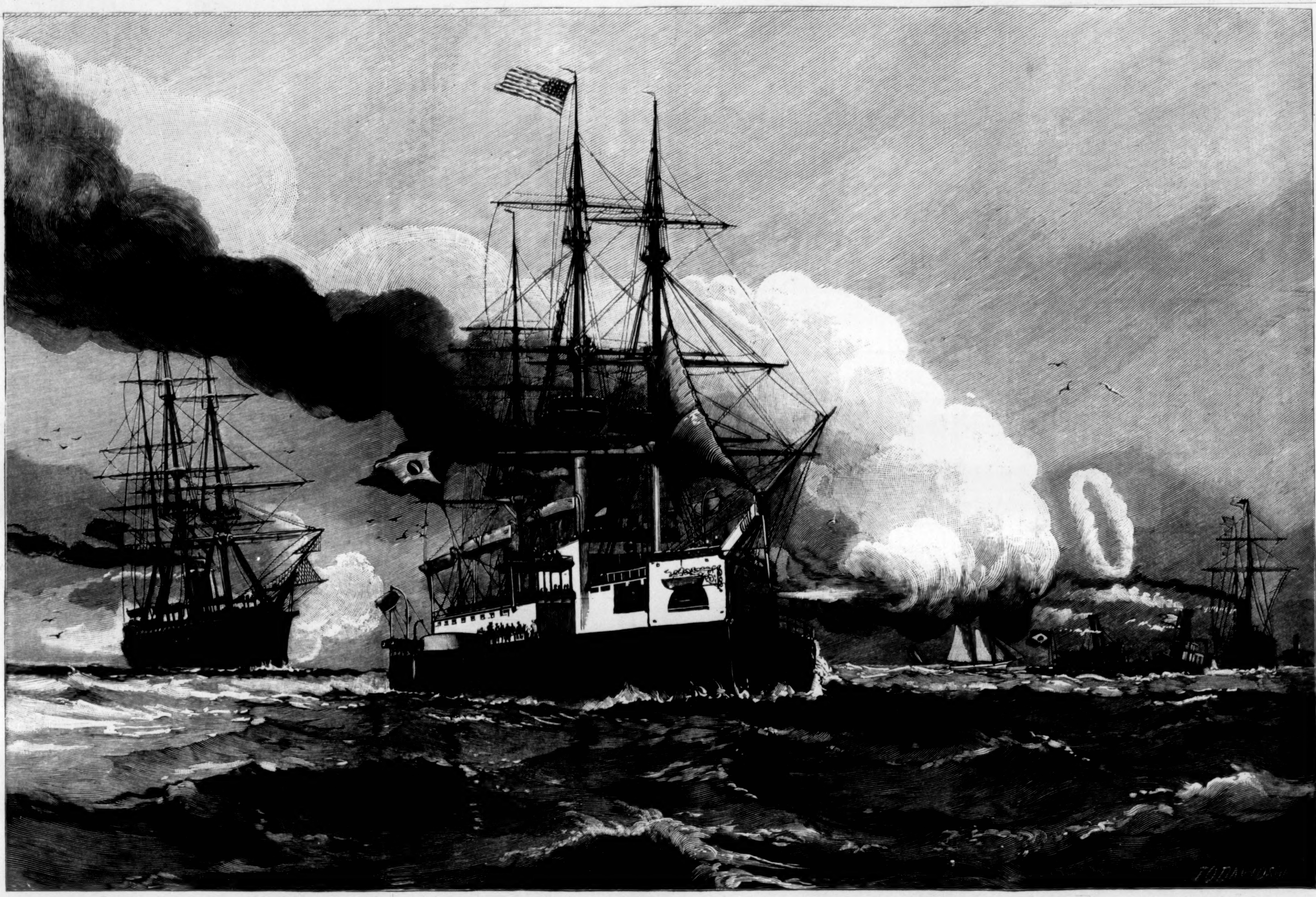
As has been said before, Mr. Belmont's love for art began during his residence in Naples. So soon as his means justified the gratification of such an expensive taste, he began collecting pictures. While Minister at the Hague he studied the Flemish and French schools, and bought with much liberality and taste. He was the first collector in New York to construct a room in his house for a picture-gallery with light from above. His collection is not confined to any class of paintings, but contains examples of Madrazo, Meyer, Munkácsy, Vibert, Bouguereau, Galoit, Brion, Troyon, Bonheur, Meissonier, and Knaus.

Of late years Mr. Belmont has attracted more attention as a turfman than in any other capacity. When Jerome Park was established he became the president of the American Jockey Club. He held this office until a very few years ago. The race-going public has always been very partial to Mr. Belmont's stable, for it has been a well-known fact that no horse of his ever started in a race unless the trainer and owner believed that there was a chance of winning. In 1881 he retired from the turf for a while, but in a few years his genuine love for the sport brought him back with a more formidable string of race-horses than ever before. This year he was first on the list of winning owners, and had to his credit $169,615. He had the satisfaction of seeing two colts of his own breeding, Potomac and Masher, run first and second for the great Futurity Stakes. He had a farm at Babylon, Long Island, and maintained a breeding farm near Lexington, Kentucky, where he had in the stud last year Kingfisher, Fiddlesticks, Magnetizer, The Ill-Used, and the Derby winner Saint Blaise.

Mr. Belmont was a short stout man, with a dark complexion. He was almost bald, and wore short iron-gray side whiskers. He was brusque in his manners, and appeared to the casual person who met him as anything but amiable. Those who knew him well gave him credit for much goodness of heart and kindliness of action. He was a member of the Manhattan, Knickerbocker, and Union clubs. Besides his widow, he leaves three sons and one daughter—Perry Belmont, lately a member of Congress from New York and United States Minister at Madrid; August Belmont, of August Belmont & Co.; Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont; and Mrs. S. S. Howland. One daughter died in 1875, and a son died by accident a few years ago.


THE LATE BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER, OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 951.]


WILHELMINA, THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.—[SEE PAGE 951.]



THE RECEPTION OF THE BRAZILIAN SQUADRON OF SHIPS OF WAR IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 955.]

TWO LITTLE SHOES.

He gave the fulness of His wondrous love,
Laid hands upon the sick and raised the dead,
Filled up the empty place of earthly need,
E'en though He had not where to lay His weary head.

Then pity these, O Jesus of the poor,
The weakling lambs that cry within the ditch,
Or shiver in their rags beside the door
That leads up to the temple of the godly rich.

Yea, pity such as these two little shoes,
So worn and ragged, waiting at the gate,
With wonder for the blessing of the time,
That marvels at the worship of the godly great.

Two little shoes—their pearled rims press to greet
The bitter cold and slush of snow and earth,
Atiptoe in the outer darkness there,
To hear the message of the lowly Saviour's birth.

The "In Excelsis Deos" swell and rise—
Yea, quiver even through the church-yard sod;
The thrice-blessed candles on the alter gleam,
And low-swung censers lift Hosannahs up to God.

Poor little shoes! God seems so far away,
In all the pomp and splendor far from these;
They never even knew the Christ Child came,
E'en though we sent the message o'er the distant seas.

We feel the baby forms that press our knees,
And thank the Father for the Child that came:
Thy blessing in its fulness overflows—
O God, we give Thee thanks, we praise Thy holy name!

We see, O Lord, the scum upon the earth,
That cumbers goodly ground with want and sin;
Some timely season we will reach a hand,
But now, O Lord, for joy, we may not let them in;

But pity, God, the squalid, wretched poor,
Wrapped in the loathsome rags of want and crime;
Put bread into the hungry mouths that cry,
Until our busy hands can find a better time.

Two little shoes beside the temple gate—
For them, for all the earth, dawn comes apace;
Poor tired shoes—a speck upon that earth,
A quivering atom in God's mighty, boundless space;

But they have heard the message, caught the gleam,
Like as the sparrow finds the wayside crumb;
So little light, and yet enough to fill
The tiny soul, e'en though the poor pinched lips are dumb;

And they would go—the journey must be far,
To reach the haven of the love-kissed land—
But, ah, no cold, no pain, no hunger there,
And He would know her, find her, even take her hand!

* * * * * *

Poor little shoes! Ah, Christ, how could we know
Thy little one in anguish lay so near;
We raised Thy Glorias unto the skies—
They filled our hearts, our thoughts—ah, God, we could not hear!

She lieth close beside the altar stair.
The spark is Thine, the tender mercies—whose?
For, ah, the tiny feet have journeyed far,
And left to earth two little ragged shoes!

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

BARNARD COLLEGE.

What is Barnard College? Without, a respectable brownstone house, indistinguishable from its respectable neighbors. Within, a few class-rooms, a couple of laboratories, twoscore industrious girl students, the quiet and still air of delightful study, and the promise and potency of a higher education for our daughters than America has yet offered them. For Barnard holds its standard high, will hold it higher, and the effect of its exactions must be to raise the standard of all the schools which may be tributary to it. Moreover, Barnard is not more the adjunct than the ally of Columbia. And that old and stalwart university, rich in teachers, in collections, in libraries, in all the machinery of instruction, gives its degrees to Barnard's graduates.

Fourteen years ago—in December, 1876—a memorial was presented to the trustees of Columbia by Sorosis, asking that young women should be admitted to the college classes. This memorial, after a general discussion, was laid on the table. Three years later the subject came before the board in the form of a motion to permit women to attend certain courses of lectures under certain conditions. President Barnard cordially supported this proposition, but it was voted down. After another three years an association was formed in this city for the purpose of promoting the higher education of women by opening the great colleges to them, so that, under whatever restrictions should be devised by the various boards of trustees, they should be at liberty to pursue the same studies and reap the same rewards as men. A great meeting was called specially to consider the advisability of requesting the admission of women to Columbia, the result of the conference being a petition, signed by more than fourteen hundred well-known citizens of New York and its vicinity, asking that "in view of the present state of public opinion, both here and in other countries, touching the justice and expediency of admitting women to the same educational advantages as men, a state of opinion specially evidenced by the recent action of the English universities of Cambridge and London," the trustees of Columbia would consider how to extend, with the least possible delay, to such properly qualified women as might desire it, the benefits of education at Columbia by admitting them to lectures and examinations.

This appeal had ceased to sound revolutionary in the ear of the general public, and it was cheerfully signed by citizens so conservative as President Arthur, General Grant, Governor Cornell, Judge Noah Davis, Dr. Howard Crosby, Dr. John Hall, and Mayor Hewitt. But in the still seclusion of the college this kindly voice of an orderly multitude, eager to advance the cause of law and order, intelligence and morality, was exaggerated into the frenzied shriek of a ribald mob, bent on trampling down the safeguards of society. Certain of the trustees, not all of them, declared that they would oppose such an innovation to the bitter end, and the association for the promotion of the higher education of women received, in effect, the classic reply—*nullum tui negotium.*

But the spirit of change was in the very air, and in less than a year the trustees themselves recommended a special course for women, the final plan offering a four years' curriculum, at the end of which time successful students, after examination by the college authorities, should receive the regular Columbia degree. Some time after this another step was taken in the recognition of a post-graduate course for women, so that students who had received the degree of B.A. or M.A. could study two years longer for the degree of LL.D. or Ph.D. But, however encouraging as indexes of the official mind these concessions might be, it was quite plain that they offered the shadow rather than the substance of the benefit desired. No place was offered the waiting girls in which to study, no instructors were assigned them whose help would be a guarantee of the interest of the college in them; no lectures, class-rooms, or laboratories were open to them. They were to pick up such crumbs of knowledge as they could collect in any field they might penetrate, and bring these crumbs for inspection by the collegiate authorities at a certain fixed time. If the collection were satisfactory they were to be paid for their labor with alphabetical symbols, and to most girls the wages did not seem to justify the work.

The Harvard Annex gave the substance in good measure. The examinations for admission to its classes were identical with those of the university. The courses of instruction were identical, or, when not identical, were of the same grade. The teaching was done by the university professors exclusively, fifty of whom had a share in the Annex work, and the four years' course there was in every way equivalent to the college course. But Harvard gave no degrees, and its most brilliant graduate was fain to accept the certificate of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women in lieu of the diploma which she had fairly earned.

On the one side was Columbia, with its degrees and no opportunity, and on the other the Harvard Annex with its opportunities and no degree, and while the societies for the advancement of collegiate instruction for women were taking counsel as to how the great doors of the New York institution should be opened wide enough for girls to enter, one practical, energetic, and indomitable woman, quick to seize the forelock of occasion, proposed that the opportunity should be added to the degree, and a girls' college have leave to grow under the protecting walls of Columbia. This young woman was Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, a former student for a Columbia degree, who had felt in her own person the discouragements of the existing methods.

The "one-man power" in politics may work disaster, but the one-woman power in education, as exemplified by Mrs. Meyer, works, so far, only benefits. In March, 1888, she entered, virtually alone, on the impossible task of creating a public sentiment to sustain a woman's college which should offer the girls of New York and its vicinity an education at least as thorough as the Harvard Annex insures. And in October, 1889, Barnard College, so named in honor of that large-minded advocate of the highest education for woman, the late President Barnard, of Columbia, opened its doors with twenty students. Its professors and instructors were the professors and instructors of Columbia, and its curriculum offered the full equivalent of that of the older college. The work of Barnard is carried on by means of yearly subscriptions for four years, a permanent endowment being considered certain when the success of the college is once demonstrated.

In October, 1890, Barnard opened its second year with 42 names on its roll-call—Sophomores, 11; Freshmen, 7; Graduates, 10; Specials in Laboratory Work, 14. The graduates are working hard in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, botany, or chemistry. The undergraduates take the prescribed college course. In the botanical laboratory six students take the second year's course and twelve the first year's. In the chemical laboratory twelve girls are hard at work, under the direction of Professor Henry C. Bowen, of Columbia, and the superintendence of his assistant, Miss Mary E. Lovering, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The work of the chemical laboratory is at present as follows:

1. A lecture or conversation on the physical and chemical properties of the commonest substances, gases, etc., constantly met in daily life, *their relation to and bearing toward correct physical development, and the fundamental principles of sanitation.*

2. Laboratory work with reference to these subjects, and also looking to chemical analytical methods.

The whole system is designed, in the words of Professor Bowen, "to enhance the observing and interpreting powers of the young mind."

At present the laboratory, fitted up by friends of the college, has room for only six students, but by some mysterious process of quantitative analysis and subdivision of atoms, applied to desks, stools, and apparatus, Professor Bowen manages to teach an enthusiastic dozen. Applicants for admission are now refused for lack of space and means. Nine or ten students worked all summer in the laboratory, which was kept open for them through the self-sacrificing kindness of their instructor, Professor Bowen, whose testimony is that "young women show an aptitude for the work every way equal to young men, and they certainly have more need of this laboratory practice than men."

The Botanical Laboratory of Barnard offers to women the only working laboratory in this city. It was equipped through the generosity of the Torrey Botanical Club, and offers facilities for the most advanced work. The course of study is planned to meet the needs of several classes of students: First, graduates of Barnard or other colleges who wish to make a specialty of the science; second, undergraduates who wish to acquire a more or less thorough knowledge of the subject without giving it more time than is ordinarily given in colleges to any branch of scientific work; third, teachers and students of medicine who are unable to give a large portion of time to any single branch, but to whom the knowledge of the methods of modern scientific work is an invaluable aid in their professional studies.

The course includes two years' undergraduate and two years' graduate work. It is so arranged that students may take only the first year, and yet acquire the elementary principles governing plant life and the relations of the various groups to one another. After this general course is finished, special courses are studied—morphology and classification, anatomy and physiology, and the methods of original research. Four of the present students are graduates from other institutions, two being candidates for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, while several others have entered for the four years' course.

It may fairly be said that the botanical course of Barnard is the only one in this country which presents a continuous, harmonious whole, each phase of study being the evolution of a preceding phase. The department is under the charge of Professor Nathaniel L. Britton, A.M., Ph.D., of Columbia, and also of Dr. Emily L. Gregory, Ph.D., one of the three women in the United States who have received their doctor's degree from the University of Zurich.

The clergymen of New York have been foremost in lending a hand to Barnard, and five of the best known of their number—Dr. Arthur Brooks, Dr. Marvin Vincent, Dr. Greer, Dr. Terry, and Mr. Sanders—successively conduct prayers on the five working mornings of the week.

The trustees of Barnard believe that their young institution is to prove helpful in many ways; "that it will raise the standard of schools for young ladies; that it will offer the best possible education to women of New York, Brooklyn, and vicinity without forcing them, as hitherto, to leave their homes; that it will give opportunity for self-culture and improvement to the hundreds of teachers in this city; and finally, that it will show that the standard of education need not be lowered in order to permit women to share its advantages."

MASHONALAND.

The intelligence which has recently reached us from South Africa has been more than usually interesting. It encourages us to hope for great and important discoveries, and gives us good reason for believing that in Africa, south of the equator, may yet be found comfortable, even prosperous, fields of enterprise for the white man.

The belief has long prevailed that the enormous quantities of gold which contributed to the splendor of the reign of Solomon were brought from some part of Southeast Africa. "And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon." Ophir was famous for its gold in the days of Job, who speaks of "laying up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks." Where was Ophir? Some say in Malacca; others have located it in India; others in Arabia; and not a few have contended for the southeast coast of Africa, about Sofala. There has been much discussion on the subject, but the discussion has been profitless. The Sofala region of South Africa has as much to recommend it as any other. As told in the Bible, the story of the Queen of Sheba and the story of Ophir have a singular relation to each other, and seem to suggest that the location of the one was not far from the home of the other. In Solomon's time the round voyage to and from Ophir covered a period of three years. This has by some been considered fatal to the South-African theory. When we consider the times, and take into account the difficulty of transport, the objection loses much of its force. It is at least a remarkable circumstance that discoveries should now be made in the very region of South Africa so long favored by one set of traditions—discoveries which point unmistakably to very ancient occupation by a people advanced in the arts and industries of civilization, and also to the plentiful existence of gold in the region at one time, however it may be now.

Before giving an account of the discoveries, it may be of some value to the reader to state in what connection and by what means they have been made. In the recent distributions of territory along the East-African coast, by which slices have been given to Italy, to Germany, and to Portugal, Great Britain has been not unmindful of herself, retaining, in addition to what is known as British East Africa, a large tract of territory in what may be called the central section of South Africa; and toward the close of last year arrangements were made for the occupation of said territory. A company was organized, a royal charter was secured, and certain other preliminary steps were taken. Among these last was the sending of a deputation to Lobengula, the powerful chief of the Matabeles. This deputation having been completely successful in the execution of its mission, the course was cleared for action.

Our latest news shows that the work has not only been begun, but so successfully carried on hitherto that ultimate success is no longer problematical. The route chosen, in addition to other immediate advantages, had the special advantage of securing protection in the rear. It was a land march from Cape Colony northward. It was rendered the less difficult because Bechuanaland, lying to the immediate north of Cape Colony, was some time since converted into a crown colony, and because what remains of Bechuanaland more to the north is under British protection. To the north of Bechuanaland lies Matabeleland, which, in its northeastern section, includes Mashonaland. It is this region, and a vast tract of undefined territory more to the west, which constitute the field of operations of the South Africa Company. It would have been perhaps as easy to seek Mashonaland by way of the Zambesi; but for many reasons, some of which we have indicated, the land route was preferred. By-and-by advantage will be taken of the Zambesi and the Pungwe, a little farther to the south, and water communication will be established with the east coast.

The final preparations for advance were made at the Maclontsie River, in the disputed territory to the north of Bechuanaland. A police force, numbering some five hundred men, raised at a cost of about £100,000, organized and equipped, was stationed at this point—the base of operations—under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pennefather, a soldier of capacity and extensive experience among the South-African tribes. This force was charged with the general protection of the expedition as a primary duty; but it was expected also to maintain the administration of the company in Mashonaland, and to keep up communications with the imperial police in Bechuanaland. In addition there was raised a pioneer corps of about two hundred picked men—farmers, miners, prospectors, good riders, and others skilled in the use of fire-arms—who were placed under the command of Major Johnson. As the name implies, the duty assigned to this corps was to march by stages to the extreme objective point, and to make roads as they advanced. The extreme or objective point was Mount Hampden, in Mashonaland, a distance of 400 miles from the Maclontsie River, a point at which the Mazoo River takes its rise, and where, according to common reports, the Mashonas were in the habit of washing the alluvial deposits for gold. The real forward march began on June 10th, from the Tuli River, a stage in advance of the Maclontsie, and considered the southern boundary of Matabeleland. On July 22d the pioneers had reached the Bubye River, having accomplished a distance of 74 miles. On August 18th they found themselves on the Mashonaland plateau, some 3700 feet above the level of the sea, and within 140 miles of Fort Hampden. The next halting-place was Mount Wedza, and the next Mount Hampden. Of the details of the last two stages we have only had brief telegrams; but these have been encouraging. At each of the halting-places forts were built and companies left in charge.

We are now prepared to state what have been the results so far as the facts have reached us. One result is the practical addition to British South Africa of a tract of country at least four times as large as that of the United Kingdom, thus mightily increasing British influence over the southern section of the African continent, and justifying the hope of a great African English-speaking union in the not distant future. What is the value of the newly acquired territory? In their inward course the pioneer corps in the earlier stages skirted the fringe of the southern and southeastern borders of Matabeleland, and their testimony is that the climate, the soil, the scenery, the fauna, and the flora all equally excited their wonder and admiration. In the later stages the same conditions prevailed. The natives were not encountered in great numbers; but such of them as came to visit the strangers were, if curious, also courteous and kind. The climate is described as delightful, the lofty uplands tree-covered much of them, and under a subtropical sun securing an agreeable variety of temperature. The soil is rich, yielding under the present crude and simple tillage rice, millet, sweet-potatoes, ground-nuts, and tobacco in great plenty. The rain is perennial, and the watercourses are numerous and well supplied. Last, but not least, there is abundant evidence of the existence of gold. Women are seen wearing strings of nuggets around their necks, apparently only half conscious of their value. Selous, one of the most famous of African hunters and most scrupulous of travellers, now with the expedition, and acting as scout, says that Mashonaland is equal to the best parts of the Transvaal; and Dr. Jameson, also with the expedition, speaking of gold reefs as well as of alluvial deposits, says the country consists not of one but of fifty Randts. Evidence of former gold workings is everywhere visible.

One of the most interesting results of the expedition has been the discovery of some gigantic ruins, known as the Zymbabye ruins, about twelve miles southeast of the Mashonaland plateau, the halting-place reached on August 18th. These ruins were visited some twenty years ago by the German explorer Manch; but his statements were questioned and generally discredited. Situated on the edge of the plateau, they are scattered over a large extent of ground—a large "kopje," or knoll, about a couple of hundred yards off, being covered with a sort of fort composed of huge masses of granite, the home at present of one of the Mashona chiefs. The main ruins consist of massive circular walls, arranged somewhat after the fashion of concentric rings. A main building inside of these outer walls, with walls loftier than those of the interior, enclosing an area of about eighty yards in diameter—a mighty maze, whose windings are indistinguishable in consequence of the luxuriance of vegetation to which centuries of neglect have given the mastery. Inside this building, and near to what seems to have been the entrance, is a conical tower 35 feet high and 18 feet in diameter. The buildings are all of granite, the blocks being about the size of a modern brick. On the walls of the interior, on the southeast front of the wall, and about twenty feet from its base, runs a double zigzag scroll one-third of the distance round. What are those ruins? one is tempted to ask. What was their origin? What were they built for? What has been their history? For what purpose was that circular building with its conical tower intended? Similar structures, but on a smaller scale, have been seen on the Lundi River, and formerly at Tati, in Matabeleland. The scenery at this point is said to be beautiful in the extreme. Was the site chosen for some magnificent temple or tomb or palace? Was it here stood the city and palace of the Queen of Sheba? Is this circular building with the conical tower her tumulus? Or, which is more likely, was it here that Solomon and Hiram of Tyre got their gold and their "almug-trees"; and were these vast structures of granite, these labyrinths of walls merely giant strongholds for safety and defence? Time will come to the solution of the mystery. One thing is certain, they point back to a time when slave labor was at the service of intelligence without any qualification.

THE BRAZILIAN CRUISERS.

The young republic of Brazil sent her compliments to her elder sister north of the isthmus on Wednesday of last week. They came in the shape of two handsome war vessels—the *Aquidaban*, flag-ship of Admiral de Silveira, and the *Guanabára*, Commander de Noronha. The latter is a corvette of a type familiar to American eyes for a generation past. The other, the flag-ship, is a large frigate of modern construction, heavily armored, and capable of engaging any save the very heaviest of iron-clads, with a fair chance of coming off first best.

The arrival of the South-Americans had been anticipated, and the *Dolphin* and *Yorktown*, two of Uncle Sam's white squadron, were on hand inside Sandy Hook to give fitting welcome. The telegraph announced the ships in the offing on Tuesday. They were met outside, properly saluted, and escorted to a safe harbor within the bar, where they anchored for the night, and proceeded up the bay on Wednesday, receiving and responding to salutes from the forts at the Narrows, again from Castle William on Governor's Island, and still again from Admiral Gherardi's flag-ship, the big *Philadelphia*, which awaited the squadron in the North River. The procession moved up the bay slowly. The great fleets of every-day commerce here and there acknowledged their presence with flag or whistle—touched their hats, as it were—in a free and easy way; but the saucy tugs and blundering tow-boats did not, upon the whole, take much pains to give a clear right of way.

The compliment of saluting first is out of the ordinary course of procedure. Usually a visiting squadron salutes the flag of the country visited, and the salute is returned gun for gun. The excess of courtesy in the present instance was adopted because Brazil set the example when our squadron visited her shortly after the proclamation of the republic. This act was in graceful acknowledgment of our promptness in officially recognizing the new order of things in Brazil, and of course it was returned in kind and with interest.

Since the arrival of the fleet New York has been feasting the officers privately and officially, and swarthy Brazilian sailor-men, looking rather pinched and cold in our bleak November weather, are not unfamiliar sights on the streets.

It is understood that the Brazilians will remain here but a short time, returning to a more genial clime after visiting Washington, and discharging the other official duties with which they have been commissioned.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

BY JOHN DILLON, M.P.

I cannot help thinking that in your article of November 15th you somewhat exaggerated the ignorance of the American public as to the facts of the Irish question. I shall, however, be most happy to accept your invitation to lay before your readers a statement of the elementary facts of the Irish land question as well as it can be done within the narrow limits of a newspaper article.

In attempting to understand the Irish land question, the first thing an American must do is to dismiss from his mind the idea that the state of things in Ireland can be reasoned on from American experience. The historical, social, and economical arguments drawn from American experience do not apply in Ireland; and I may say at the outset that it is idle to suppose that we can attain to any practical comprehension of the Irish land question unless by studying it from the point of view of the historical and social causes in which it had its origin. The present Irish land question is the bitter fruit of the last two hundred years of Irish history, and no statesman is fit to deal with this problem unless he has carefully studied that history. In Ireland the ownership is confined to a small class who form a regular caste amongst the population. The predecessors of that caste obtained possession of their estates by conquest and confiscation, and from the day they obtained possession down to this hour they and their descendants have lived in Ireland as a caste apart entirely from the people of the country, in whose welfare they have never shown any real interest. They seized possession of the government, and manipulated the law and the administration to their own ends. The monopoly of the land of a country in the hands of a small class is a great evil wherever it exists; but when, as in Ireland, that class has absolute control over the government of the country as well, and when they regard the people of the country as an inferior race, to be kept down and governed by them, all the elements of social disorder and ruin are present.

The landlord class in Ireland have held possession of the executive government, and have made the law, and the administration of the law, so as to maintain and increase their own monopolistic privileges. Under their government such was the law in Ireland that down to the year 1881 it was practically impossible for any farmer to buy an acre of land. Land in Ireland was sold only in vast estates, and the landlord fiercely opposed any alteration of the law which would make it possible for the people of the country to acquire their hold in the land. The working farmers in Ireland, numbering about 600,000 families, a large majority of the population, were obliged to live as renters under about 10,000 landlords, of whom about 1000 owned more than half the entire country. The vast majority of the farmers held their lands by a yearly "tenancy at will," and when leases were given they were nearly always of the most oppressive character. The owners never expended anything in the improvements of the farms, and any farmer who was adventurous enough to spend capital on his land was liable at any moment to be robbed of all he had laid out, either by an arbitrary increase in his rent or by eviction. By the mutual operation of this close monopoly of land, and the fierce competition amongst a people who had no other means of living except the land, rents were forced up to such a point that, to use the words of an English commissioner speaking of the small tenants in Ireland, "they gave up, in the shape of rent, the whole produce of the soil with the exception of a sufficiency of potatoes for a bare subsistence."

And when it is remembered that fully one-third of the entire rental of the country has been, for upward of a century, paid to absentee landlords who never spent a shilling in Ireland, it is not, I think, a matter for very great surprise that chronic poverty, disorder, and periodical famine have been the result.

From the commencement the Irish people never acquiesced in the claims of the landlord class. They always maintained that they were robbed of property which they were morally entitled to, and that even admitting the titles of the landlords to the estates, they, the tenants, were by the customs and traditions of their country not tenants in the ordinary English sense of the term, but co-owners, having a real estate in the land, often very much more valuable than that of the landlords. The law, they claimed, was made by the landlords without their being allowed any voice in it, and by the law so made the tenants' property was left absolutely without protection, while both the law and the executive administration were unscrupulously manipulated to enforce every right to which the landlords made claim. During the first eighty years of this century, these claims of the Irish tenants were over and over again brought before the British Parliament, but on every occasion they were treated with derision and contempt.

In 1870, it is true, Mr. Gladstone made an effort to do something to protect the property of the Irish tenant, but the act of 1870 completely failed to carry out its object, and the body of the Irish tenants were left in as bad a position as ever. At last, in the year 1879, when the people were on the verge of another famine—the seventh or eighth in this century—despairing of obtaining any justice by appeals to the British Parliament, we devised a policy of combination amongst the Irish tenants for the purpose of refusing to pay more than a just rent, and of pledging themselves not to occupy any farm from which a tenant had been unjustly evicted. By these means, pursued with extraordinary perseverance and self-discipline, concession after concession has been wrung from the British House of Commons; and what was for generations scornfully denied to the voice of reason and justice, is now being slowly yielded to the irresistible pressure of the National League and the tenant combination in Ireland.

The act of 1881 admitted that the Irish tenants were joint owners with the landlords. It took out of the hands of the Irish landlords all direct voice in fixing the rents of tenants then in possession of farms on their estates. This principle had always previously been denounced by English statesmen as a doctrine of communism, as robbery, plunder, etc., and it was unwillingly yielded only after a desperate national struggle, in the course of which a vast number of Irishmen had been thrown into jail without trial, and the whole country convulsed by agitation and police violence.

From the passing of this act rents in Ireland were recognized by law to be no longer contract rents. Judges were appointed to decide how much of the property in equity belonged to the landlord, and how much to the tenant, and they fixed the rents accordingly. From the out-start we have warned the government that such a system could never work, and would inevitably end in general disappointment and utter failure; and the events of the last ten years have to the fullest extent justified our warnings. The judges whose duty it was to apportion justly between landlord and tenant the value of the whole land of the country were appointed and controlled by an executive entirely in the hands of the landlord class. Their decisions therefore carried no moral weight in the minds of the people, who saw the relations, friends, and agents of the landlords transformed into judges to fix their rents. The judicial rents, as they are now called, were fixed by these judges on the basis of a certain scale of agricultural prices, and when in 1886 the prices of agricultural produce fell on an average of twenty-five per cent. below the scale, it was argued with irresistible force that as the rents were not contract rents, but had been fixed on the people by judges in the appointment of whom they had been allowed no voice, direct or indirect, the farmers were entitled to further reductions, such as would preserve to them *at least some* of the property which the law recognized them to have in their farms. This demand was met by the government of Lord Salisbury by a flat refusal, although it was supported by eighty-four Irish members against twelve. Lord Salisbury declared that it would be not only inexpedient but dishonorable for the government to make any alteration in the judicial rents. The Irish leaders then had recourse to the old remedy of combination in Ireland against the payment of excessive rents; and after a sharp campaign in Ireland during 1886–7, within six months of Lord Salisbury's statement, the government yielded so far as to pass the act of 1887 reducing the judicial rents by £300,000, or $1,500,000, for three years—about one-third of the reduction which would have been justified by the fall in prices of produce. These concessions of course satisfied no one; but, together with large reductions of rents and arrears of rent obtained outside, the act, by combination of tenants, saved the country from the stress of famine in '86 and '87, and confirmed the people in the belief that combination amongst themselves in Ireland was the only means by which they could hope to protect their property, and emancipate themselves from the oppression of a cruel and unjust rule.

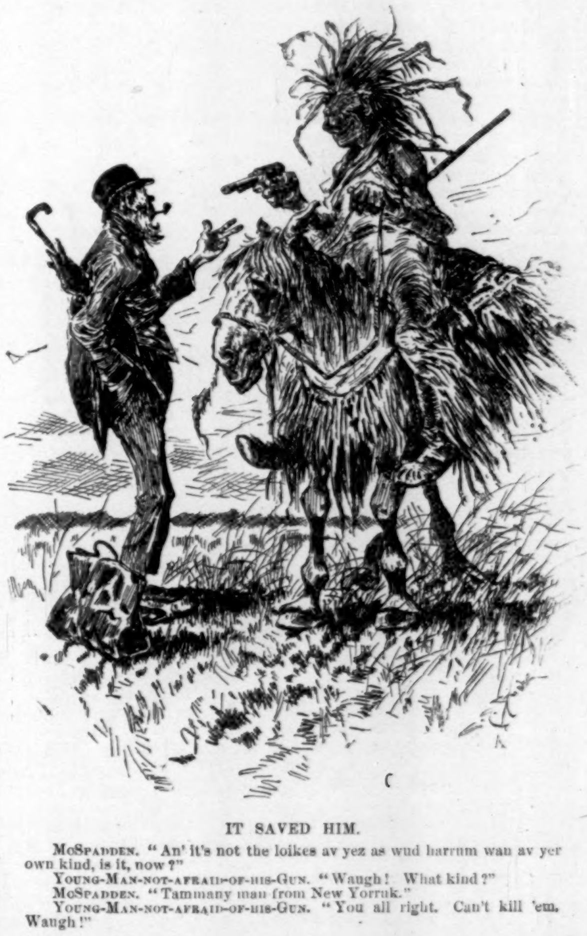
In the year 1879 we urged on the British Parliament that the only measure from which a final settlement of the Irish land question could be hoped for was one of buying out the interests of the landlords at a fair price, and transferring the freehold to the occupying tenant, subject to an annuity to the government. Since then $3,000,000 have been expended on the land courts, and a lawsuit has been instituted with respect to nearly one out of every two farms in Ireland; and after all this experience, the Tory government has now fallen back on the method we suggested in 1879 as the only possible solution of the difficulty. The main point in dispute in the land question between us and the government at present is the price of the landlords' interest. The present government, being entirely in the hands of the landlords, has prostituted the whole administration of the law in Ireland, and passed a most stringent coercion act, for the one purpose of securing to the landlord enormously excessive rents. Combinations amongst the tenants are prohibited; the right of free meeting completely superseded; evictions for unjust and impossible rents are ruthlessly carried out by the aid of enormous bodies of military and police, and with the most cynical indifference to the condition and suffering of the people. And all this is done for one object, viz., to coerce the body of the Irish tenants into consenting to purchase the interests of the landlords for a price far above the real value. If the Tory government were successful in this policy, the result would be that Ireland would be left in as bad a condition as ever, the lands of the country being mortgaged to the British exchequer for a vast sum, which could never be paid, and the hope of friendly relations existing between the two peoples in the future would be utterly destroyed.

After ten years of struggle and sacrifice, we have at last succeeded in compelling the government to accept the principles which we laid down for the settlement of the Irish land question in 1879, and we now propose, by the use of the same means which have carried us so far, to secure that the transfer of the freehold of the Irish land to the people of the country shall be on such terms as will make it possible for them to live and prosper in Ireland in the years that are to come.

FARMING.

XIV.

It frequently became necessary to drive to Cranberry Corners to lay in such farm produce for the table as we couldn't wait to send to New York for. These pilgrimages were fast becoming gala institutions, inasmuch as they broke the monotony of life at Dove's Nest. The vehicle unto which we annexed



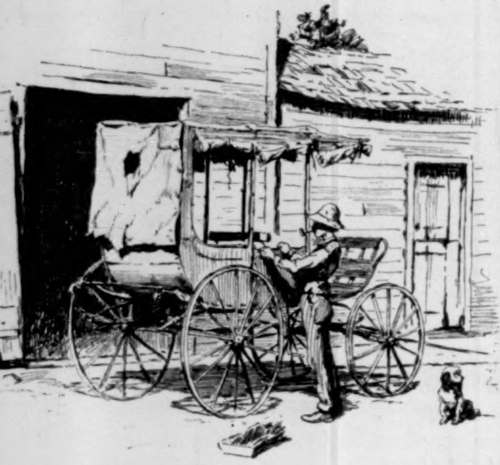
IT SAVED HIM.

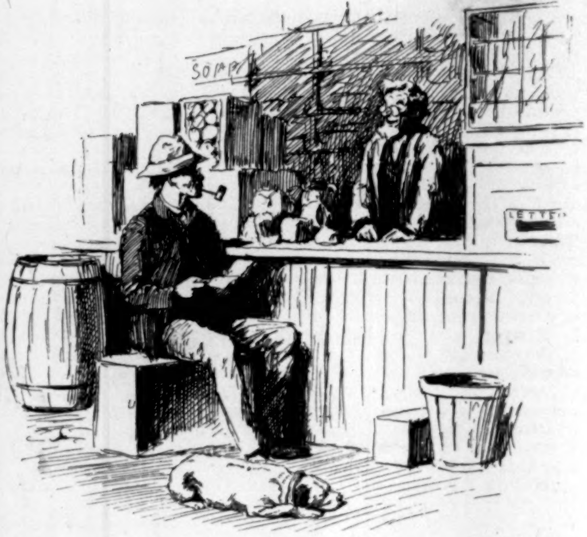
McSpadden. "An' it's not the loikes av yez as wud harrum wan av yer own kind, is it, now?"

Young-Man-not-afraid-of-his-Gun. "Waugh! What kind?"

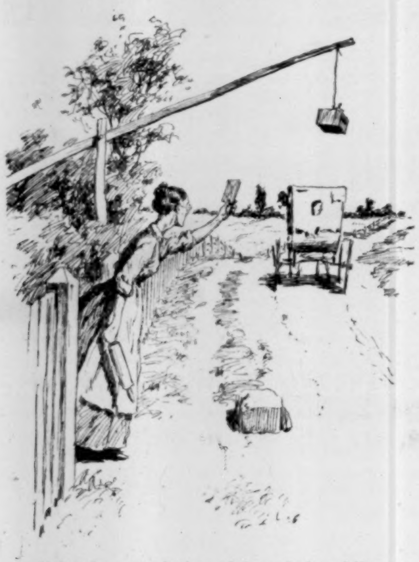
McSpadden. "Tammany man from New Yorruk."

Young-Man-not-afraid-of-his-Gun. "You all right. Can't kill 'em. Waugh!"



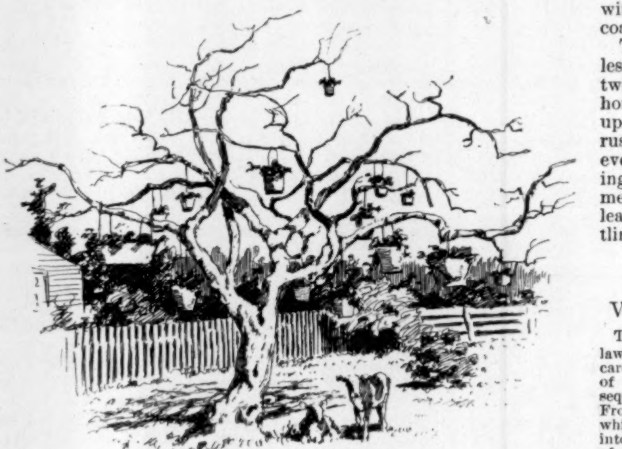


the unfiery tamed steeds was a marvel, considered from almost any stand-point. It was impossible to say exactly what had been the original name to designate the style of this specimen of rolling antiquity, owing to the fact that it had been repaired a great many times in a manner not in accord with the prevailing spirit of the period to which it properly belonged. In fact, you could fancy an 1867 style of strap, an 1845 buckle, and an 1832 bolt or screw, until it became so absurd, considered as a consistent work of antiquity, that you could think of no fitting parallel unless a painting of Osceola in a kilt, or a statue of Oliver Cromwell in a white high hat begirt by a deep mourning band. This relic of the period of peruke and minuet can be best described by the word "rickety." Yet could it go over the roughest road not only without going to pieces, but without apparent injury. If it didn't belong to the original owner of the farm, and if it didn't pass on from possessor to possessor to date, where in the world did it come from? The harness was not as old as the vehicle, but it seemed to have reached the maximum limit of the usefulness of a set of harness. It was always necessary to fasten certain parts of it together with twine, and to force new holes through it by the simple process of driving a nail. It was also a common thing to take some rope along upon any considerable journey, as it could never be told at what moment it might be needed. The horses, though serene and venerable, had in all probability never known another set of harness. When wanted for one of these excursions, the noble equines were generally out of sight at some remote corner of the farm. They were seldom near the house, except when contentedly munching the currant bushes or the choicest fruit trees.

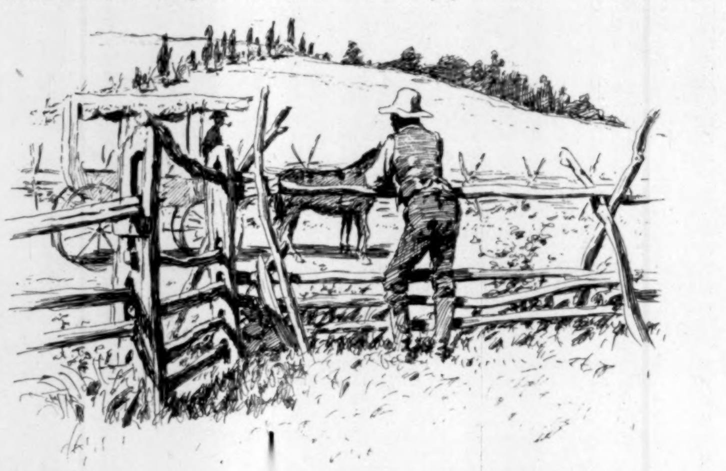


At every house along the way some one would come forth with a letter to be delivered at the post-office, or with a request to bring, upon our return, a bar of opalescent soap or a yeast cake. At some houses a pole fastened to the fence extended almost to the edge of the roadway like a fishing-rod. On the end of this rod a cigar box was securely fastened, and into this cigar box the proprietor would drop his letters or papers, to be gathered by the first one moving in the direction of Cranberry Corners. One of these houses was occupied by an eccentric individual who evidently thought he had bit upon a device to circumvent the Ethiop, whose honesty becomes impaired and fractured through the combined influences of a moonlight night and a melon patch. His plan was illustrated practically by the melon vines growing up the side of his house after the fashion of wistaria. He had pumpkins and squashes growing in the same way, and told me it was hard for a thief to gather them with a pole, because the melons would bob against the house and give the alarm.

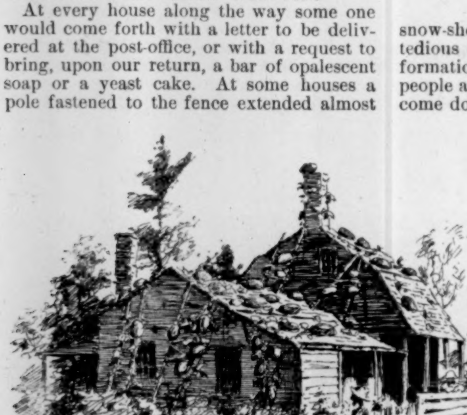
Although this man had made useful departures when he conceived the idea of the way-side letter box, and formulated a plan for raising melons for his own table, I was unable to understand another scheme of his which struck me as being decidedly amusing to the eye.

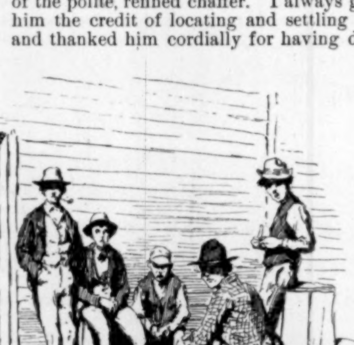


On an old spreading whitewashed apple-tree—a dried apple-tree because deceased—he had a swinging flower garden. From almost every branch hung some cast-off receptacle neatly whitewashed, such as a coal-scuttle, a baby's bath-tub, a watering-pot, a tea-kettle, etc. Each one of these utensils was filled with earth, and had flowers flowing over the tops in great profusion. When the wind caused the coal-scuttle and the baby's bath-tub to dash madly together, the effect was startling. They bobbed around in great style, and from my horses' blank astonishment I could fancy that they had such a keen sense of humor that they regarded it as an experiment in wind-flower culture.



The road was so sandy that it used to strike me as one that could be most successfully traversed on foot when the pedestrian wore snow-shoes. On the journey, which was a tedious one, I frequently gleaned much information on the subject of farming from people at work along the way. They would come down, lean on the fence, and tell me about their Savoy cabbages and sugar-coated beets, and ask me many questions concerning my place. From all these snatches of conversation I gathered the fact that the only way to make money out of farming was to take boarders; then a handsome profit could be realized upon things that were otherwise without anything like a ready-made market. As I have already said, these little drives were not without their charm, as they afforded a change of scene, and gave me an opportunity to rest my weary limbs, which were already becoming gnarled and full of inequalities through standing daily upon a stony hill madly coquetting with dear old mother-in-law earth.





As I neared the station at Cranberry Corners, I could realize that I was regarded by the callow youth of that one-horse, or rather one-store place, as one savoring very strongly of the rural districts. Their sidelong glances at the ancient vehicle, drawn by the ancient horses in the ancient harness, satisfied me of the honest and inexpensive amusement I was affording them. The keeper of the solitary store alluded to above was always more than delighted to see me, because he well knew that my skill was such that it would be impossible for me to negotiate a sugar purchase on the basis of a turnip payment. In other words, he knew that I was a cash customer—the only one he had—and therefore one to be received and treated with great respect and consideration.

He was the same old man that drove me to Dove's Nest upon the occasion of my first or prospecting visit. He always laughed when he claimed the credit of having located me, and said he felt himself the author of my great success. It seemed to me that he suspected the real estate of affairs, and was laughing in the mellifluous manner of the polite, refined chaffer. I always gave him the credit of locating and settling me, and thanked him cordially for having done so, after I had complimented him upon his great foresight and general sagacity, that he might be sorely disappointed if his real intention were to make fun of me. And then I felt quite at my mental ease while I read his placards of caution, which admonished the public to "Eat Smith's Oats," "Wash with Jones's Soap," "Drink Robinson's Cocoa," etc.

There would I stand and watch the guileless grocer tie up the packages and bite the twine until my order was filled. On the way home I felt rejuvenated, and when I drove up to the door of Dove's Nest all hands rushed out to see if I had any letters, while even the poultry that had escaped the prying fingers of the Ethiop to date regarded me with curiosity, as though they would learn the latest news from the hustling bustling city. R. K. Munkittrick.

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SHE whom I love is but a poet's thought,
  A dream, a phantom, yet a sweet ideal,
From vague and visionary fancies wrought,
  And yet I love her as a being real.

Picture the hermit on the golden sand
  Of bright Cathay. Before him lies the sea;
Behind him is the dark untrodden land—
  A land of awful doubt and mystery.

So e'en am I. Vainly may I adore,
  And yet steadfastly to the dream I hold;
The solitary on the golden shore,
  Nor I, possess a mart to spend our gold.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

HUMANITY'S DEBT TO DOCTOR KOCH.

SOME years ago, while making an inspection of the farms in the neighborhood of Berlin, to which all the sewage of that city is conveyed, I was much struck by the remark of one of our party, a man of about forty years, vigorous physique, sharp, clear eyes, and using very few but very strong words.

"In my opinion," said he, "our city is, humanly speaking, beyond the reach of epidemic."

This oracular expression made little impression on me at the time, for though I had been introduced to the speaker, his name, not an unusual one, had conveyed little beyond one syllable, and I fancied that he was seeking to impress two Frenchmen present who had been commissioned by the city of Paris to report on the Berlin sewage system.

That night, however, I repeated the language of Dr. Koch, for that was the oracular spokesman, to my host, a member of the German Parliament, and his answer was: "If Dr. Koch said that, you may depend upon it absolutely. It is a wonderful discovery." This is not the place to enter upon an account of Dr. Koch's contributions to the sanitary conditions referred to, beyond remarking that it illustrates the thoroughly practical character of this great doctor's mind.

Dr. Koch is one of the youngest among Germany's great men. Moltke was sixty-six before the world recognized his genius on the field of Königgraetz. Koch at forty had made a report upon cholera in India and Egypt that proclaimed his discovery (1883) of the "comma" or cholera bacillus, a service to humanity which at once placed his name on an eminence with those of Pasteur, Lister, and Dr. Bigelow, of Boston.

His grateful country presented him with 100,000 marks, about $25,000, and soon after placed him at the head of the Berlin Institute of Hygiene. One of Dr. Koch's practical services in this capacity was to organize in the capital a so-called hygienic museum on principles that would have delighted good old Benjamin Franklin. Here are gathered together all the useful appliances that conduce to health—models of sewers; methods of ventilating houses, particularly schools and hospitals; plans of disposing of city sewage by spreading it upon arable land; the best pattern of shoes to wear, and even the squares of woollen cloth which many of the German troops fold about their feet instead of stockings. Hours can be spent in Dr. Koch's museum, learning at every step the means of living better as well as more economically, a standing proof that Germans are no less practical than theoretic in their love of science.

Bismarck is quoted by his Boswell Busch as saying: "But for me three great wars would not have been fought, 80,000 men would not have been killed, or their parents, brothers, sisters, and widows have put on mourning, and yet that is what I have done, with God's help." If Bismarck, for doing this, still finds admirers of his career as "War Minister," what affection will not be given to one who preserves not 80,000 lives in one lifetime, but 800,000 perhaps every year!

The importance of Dr. Koch's discoveries to his countrymen alone may be measured by recalling that in forty years Prussia alone lost 343,953 lives by cholera. The average number of deaths by consumption every year in Prussia represents 91,350. In the German empire the average number of deaths every year from "tuberculosis of the lungs" is 160,000 people. In Berlin, during the ten years from 1878 to 1887, there died from consumption alone 39,832 people, Berlin and New York being about equal in population. These figures are eloquent testimony to the importance of Dr. Koch's discovery, particularly so as the ravages of this disease are in many other countries greater still than in Germany.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

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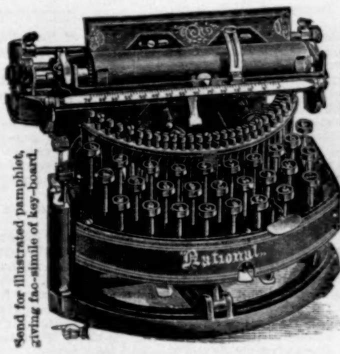

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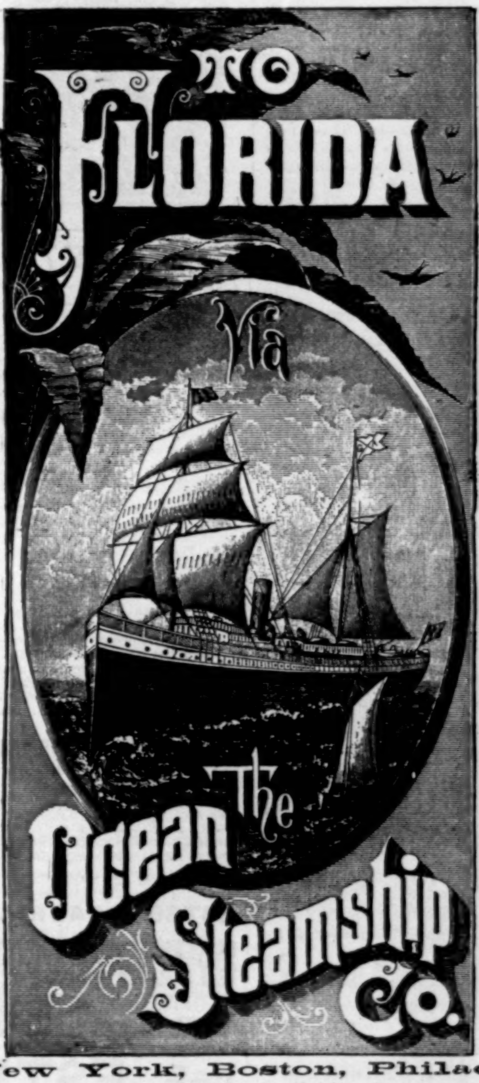

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BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOODLANDERS," "A LAODICEAN," "WESSEX TALES," ETC.

II.

THE LADY CAROLINE

(AFTERWARD MARCHIONESS OF STONEHENGE).

BY THE RURAL DEAN.

"I WOULD have you know, then, that a great many years ago there lived in a classical mansion not a hundred miles from the city of Melchester a lady whose personal charms were so rare and unparalleled that she was courted, flattered, and spoilt by almost all the young noblemen and gentlemen in that part of Wessex. For a time these attentions pleased her well. But as, in the words of good Robert South (whose sermons might be read more than they are), the most passionate lover of sport, if tied to follow his hawks and hounds every day of his life, would find it the greatest torment and calamity, and would fly to the mines and galleys for his recreation, so did this lofty and beautiful lady after a while become satiated with the constant iteration of what she had in moderation enjoyed, and, by an almost natural revulsion, turned her regard absolutely netherward, socially speaking. She perversely and passionately centred her affection on quite a plain-looking young man of humble birth and no position at all, though it is true that he was gentle and delicate in nature, of good address, and guileless heart. In short, he was the parish clerk's son, acting as assistant to the land-steward of her father, the Earl of Avon, with the hope of becoming some day a land-steward himself. It should be said that perhaps the Lady Caroline (as she was called) was a little stimulated in this passion by the discovery that a young girl of the village already loved the young man fondly, and that he had paid some attentions to her, though merely of a casual and good-natured kind.

"Since his occupation brought him frequently to the manor-house and its environs, Lady Caroline could make ample opportunities of seeing and speaking to him. She had, in Chaucer's phrase, "all the craft of fine loving" at her fingers' ends, and the young man, being of a readily kindling heart, was quick to notice the tenderness in her eyes and voice. He could not at first believe in his good fortune, having no understanding of her weariness of more artificial men; but a time comes when the stupidest sees in an eye the glance of his other half; and it came to him, who was quite the reverse of dull. As he gained confidence, accidental encounters led to encounters by design, till at length when they were alone together there was no reserve on the matter. They whispered tender words, as other lovers do, and were as devoted a pair as ever was seen. But not a ray or symptom of this attachment was allowed to show itself to the outer world.

"Now as she became less and less scrupulous toward him under the influence of her affection, and he became more and more reverential under the influence of his, and they looked the situation in the face together, their condition seemed intolerable in its hopelessness. That she could ever ask to be allowed to marry him, or could hold her tongue and quietly renounce him, was equally beyond conception. They resolved upon a third course, possessing neither of the disadvantages of these two—to wed secretly, and live on in outward appearance the same as before. In this they differed from the lovers of my friend's story.

"Not a soul in the parental mansion guessed when Lady Caroline came coolly into the hall one day, after a visit to her aunt, that during that visit her lover and herself had found an opportunity of uniting themselves till death should part them. Yet such was the fact. The young woman who rode fine horses, and drove in pony chaises, and was saluted deferentially by every one, and the young man who trudged afoot, and directed the tree-felling, and the laying out of fish-ponds in the park, were husband and wife.

"As they had planned, so they acted to the letter for the space of a month and more, clandestinely meeting when and where they best could do so, both being supremely happy and content. To be sure, toward the latter part of that month, when the first wild warmth of her love had gone off, the Lady Caroline sometimes wondered within herself how she, who might have chosen a peer of the realm, baronet, knight, or, if serious-minded, a bishop or dean of the more gallant sort who prefer young wives, could have brought herself to do a thing so rash as to make this marriage; particularly when, in their private meetings, she perceived that though her young husband was full of ideas, and fairly well-read, they had not a single social experience in common. It was his custom to visit her after nightfall in her own house when he could find no opportunity for an interview elsewhere; and to further this course he invented an ingenious kind of rope-ladder, with a hook at the end, which he would throw to her window-sill, and she would affix there, so that he could climb up to her apartments, and gain audience of his lady when the house was still.

"One dark midnight, when he had not been able to see her during the day, he made use of this contrivance, as he had done many times before; and when they had remained in converse about an hour, he declared that it was time for him to descend. He would have staid longer, but that the interview had been a somewhat painful one.

"He was much excited by what she had said, for it had revealed a change in her; cold reason had come; she was beginning to have more anxiety about her own position and prospects than ardor for him. Whether by reason of this perception or not, he was seized with a spasm, and as he moved toward the window through which he had entered, he uttered, in a short quick whisper, 'Oh, my heart!' and, with his hand upon his chest, sank down to the floor. By the time that she had relighted the candle, which had been extinguished in case any eye in the opposite grounds should witness his egress, she found that his poor heart had ceased to beat; and there rushed upon her mind what his cottage friends had once told her, that he was liable to attacks of this kind, one of which, the doctor had informed them, might some day carry him off.

"Accustomed as she was to doctoring the other parishioners, nothing that she could effect upon him in that kind made any difference whatever; and his stillness, and the increasing coldness of his feet and hands, disclosed too surely to the affrighted young woman that her husband was dead indeed. For more than an hour, however, she did not abandon her efforts to restore him; when she fully realized the fact that he was a corpse, she bent over his body, distracted and bewildered as to what step she should next take.

"Her first feelings had undoubtedly been those of passionate grief at the loss of him; her second thoughts were concern at her own position as the daughter of an Earl. 'Oh, why, why, my unfortunate husband, did you die in my chamber at this hour?' she said piteously to the corpse. 'Why not have died in your own cottage if you would die? Then nobody would ever have known of our imprudent union, and no syllable would have been breathed of how I mismated myself for love of you!'

"The clock in the court-yard striking the hour of one aroused Lady Caroline from the stupor into which she had fallen, and she stood up and went toward the door. To awaken and tell her mother seemed her only way out of this terrible situation; yet when she put her hand on the key to unlock it, she withdrew herself again. It would be impossible to call even her mother's assistance without risking a revelation to all the world through the servants; while if she could remove the body unassisted to a distance, she might avert suspicion of their union even now. This thought of immunity from the social consequences of her rash act, of renewed freedom, was indubitably a relief to her, for, as has been said, the constraint and riskiness of her position had begun to tell upon the Lady Caroline's nerves.

"She braced herself for the effort, and hastily dressed. Tying his dead hands together with a handkerchief, she carried him to the window, and pulling up the rope-ladder by which he had entered, affixed the end to the handkerchief; by this means she let his body slide slowly down over the sill till it lay on the ground without. She then descended the ladder herself, and unfastened the body from the lower end, when, leaving the ladder hanging at the window, she dragged him on to the lawn with a rustle not louder than the rustle of a broom. There she took a securer hold, and plunged with him under the trees.

"Away from the precincts of the house, she could apply herself more vigorously to her task, which was a heavy one enough; and the exertion and fright she had already undergone began to tell upon her by the time she reached the corner of a beech plantation which intervened between the manor-house and the village. Here she was so nearly exhausted that she feared she might have to leave him on the spot. But she plodded on after a while, and keeping upon the grass at every opportunity, she stood at last opposite the poor young man's garden gate, where he lived with his father, the parish clerk. How she accomplished the end of her task Lady Caroline never quite knew; but, to avoid leaving traces in the road, she carried him bodily across the gravel, and laid him down at the door. Perfectly aware of his ways of coming and going, she searched behind the shutter for the cottage door key, which she placed in his cold hand. Then she kissed his face for the last time, and, with silent little sobs, bade him farewell.

"Lady Caroline retraced her steps, and reached the mansion without hinderance, and, to her great relief, found the ladder hanging just as she had left it. When she had climbed up and drawn it in behind her, she rolled together the rope and hid it away, closing the window, setting everything in order, and returning to bed.

"The next morning it was speedily echoed around that the amiable and gentle young villager had been found dead outside his father's door, which he had apparently been in the act of unlocking when he fell. The circumstances were sufficiently exceptional to justify an inquest, at which syncope from heart-disease was ascertained to be beyond doubt the explanation of his death, and no more was said of the matter then. But after the funeral it was rumored that some man who had been returning late from a distant horse-fair had seen in the gloom of night a person, apparently a woman, dragging a heavy body of some sort toward the cottage gate, which, by the light of after events, would seem to have been the corpse of the young fellow. His clothes were thereupon examined more particularly than at first, with the result that marks of friction were visible upon them here and there, precisely resembling such as would be left by dragging on the ground.

"Our beautiful and ingenious Lady Caroline was now in great consternation, and began to think that, after all, it might have been better to honestly confess the truth. But having reached this stage without discovery or suspicion, she determined to make another effort toward concealment, and a bright idea struck her as a means of securing it. I think I mentioned that before she cast eyes on the unfortunate steward's clerk, he had been the beloved of a certain village damsel, the woodman's daughter, his neighbor, to whom he had paid some attentions; and possibly he was beloved of her still. At any rate, the Lady Caroline's influence on the estates of her father being considerable, she resolved to seek an interview with the young girl in furtherance of her plan to save her reputation, about which she was now exceedingly anxious; for by this time, the fit being over, she began to be ashamed of her mad passion for her late husband, and almost wished she had never seen him.

"In the course of her parish visiting she lighted on the young girl without much difficulty, and found her looking pale and sad, and wearing a simple black gown, which she had put on out of respect for the young man's memory, whom she had tenderly loved, though he had not loved her.

"'Ah, you have lost your lover, Milly," said Lady Caroline.

"The young woman could not repress her tears. 'My lady, he was not quite my lover,' she said. 'But I was his—and now he is dead, I don't care to live any more.'

"'Can you keep a secret about him?' asks the lady.—'one in which his honor is involved—which is known to me alone, but should be known to you?'

"The girl readily promised, and, indeed, could be safely trusted on such a subject, so deep was her affection for the youth she mourned.

"'Then meet me at his grave to-night, half an hour after sunset, and I will tell it to you,' says the other.

"In the dusk of that spring evening the two shadowy figures of the young women converged upon the assistant steward's newly turfed mound; and at that solemn place and hour the one of birth and beauty unfolded her tale—how she had loved him and married him secretly; how he had died in her chamber; and how, to keep her secret, she had dragged him to his own door.

"'Married him, my lady!' said the rustic maiden, starting back.

"'I have said so,' replied Lady Caroline. 'But it was a mad thing, and a mistaken course. He ought to have married you. You, Milly, were peculiarly his. But you lost him.'

"'Yes,' said the poor girl. 'And for that they laughed at me. "Ha! ha! you mid love him, Milly," they said, "but he will not love you."'

"'Victory over such unkind jeerers would be sweet,' said Lady Caroline. 'You lost him in life, but you may have him in death *as if* you had had him in life, and so turn the tables upon them.'

"'How?' said the breathless girl.

"The young lady then unfolded her plan, which was that Milly should go forward and declare that the young man had contracted a secret marriage (as he truly had done); that it was with her, Milly, his sweetheart; that he had been visiting her in her cottage on the evening of his death; when, on finding he was a corpse, she had carried him to his house to prevent discovery by her parents, and that she had meant to keep the whole matter a secret till the rumors afloat had forced it from her.

"'And how shall I prove this?' said the woodman's daughter, amazed at the boldness of the proposal.

"'Quite sufficiently. You can say, if necessary, that you were married to him at the Church of St. Michael, in Bath City, in my name, as the first that occurred to you, to escape detection. That was where he married me. I will support you in this.'

"'Oh—I don't quite like—'

"'If you will do so,' said the lady, peremptorily, 'I will always be your father's friend and yours; if not—well, the reverse. And I will give you my wedding-ring, which you shall wear as yours.'

"'Have you worn it, my lady?'

"'Only at night.'

"There was not much choice in the matter, and Milly consented. Then this noble lady took from her bosom the ring she had never been able openly to exhibit, and, grasping the young girl's hand, slipped it upon her finger as she stood upon her lover's grave.

"Milly shivered and bowed her head. 'I feel as if I had become a corpse's bride,' she said.

"But from that moment the maiden was heart and soul in the substitution. A blissful repose came over her spirit. It seemed to her that she had secured in death him whom in life she had vainly idolized, and she was almost content. After that the lady handed over to the young man's new wife all the little mementos and trinkets he had given herself, even to a locket containing his hair.

"The next day the girl made her so-called confession, which the simple mourning she had already worn, without stating for whom, seemed to bear out; and soon the story of the little romance spread through the village and country-side, almost as far as Melchester. It was a curious psychological fact that, having once made the avowal, Milly seemed possessed with a spirit of ecstasy at her position. With the liberal sum of money supplied to her by Lady Caroline she now purchased the garb of a widow, and duly appeared at church in her weeds, her simple face appearing so sweet against its margin of crape that she was almost envied her state by the other village girls of her age. And when a woman's sorrow for her beloved can maim her young life as obviously as it had done Milly's, there was, in truth, little subterfuge in the case. Her explanation tallied so well with the details of her lover's latter movements—those strange absences and sudden returnings, which had occasionally puzzled his friends—that nobody supposed for a moment that the second actor in these secret nuptials was other than she. The actual and whole truth would indeed have seemed a preposterous assertion beside this plausible one, by reason of the lofty demeanor of the Lady Caroline and the unassuming habits of the young villager. There being no inheritance in question, not a soul took the trouble to go to the city church, forty miles off, and search the registers for marriage signatures bearing out the humble romance, though had anybody done so it is probable that he would have discerned nothing to awaken suspicion.

"In a short time Milly caused a decent tombstone to be erected over her nominal husband's grave, whereon appeared the statement that it was placed there by his disconsolate widow, which, considering that the payment for it came from Lady Caroline and the grief from Milly, was as truthful as such inscriptions usually are, and only required pluralizing to render it absolutely so.

"The impressionable and complaisant Milly, in her character of widow, took delight in going to his grave every day, and indulging in sorrow which was a positive luxury to her. She placed fresh flowers on his grave, and so keen was her emotional imaginativeness that she almost believed herself to have been his wife indeed as she walked to and fro in her garb of woe. One afternoon, being busily engaged in this labor of love at the grave, Lady Caroline passed outside the church-yard wall with some of her visiting friends, who, seeing Milly there, watched her actions with interest, remarked upon the pathos of the scene, and upon the intense affection the young man must have felt for such a tender creature as Milly. A strange light as of pain shot from the Lady Caroline's eye, as if for the first time she begrudged to the young girl the position she had been at such pains to transfer to her; it showed that a slumbering affection for her husband still had life in Lady Caroline, obscured and stifled as it was by social considerations.

"An end was put to this smooth arrangement by the sudden appearance in the church-yard one day of the Lady Caroline, when Milly had come there on her usual errand of laying flowers. Lady Caroline had been anxiously awaiting her behind the chancel, and her countenance was pale and agitated.

"'Milly,' she said, 'come here! I don't know how to say to you what I am going to say. I am half dead!'

"'I am very sorry for your ladyship,' says Milly, wondering.

"'Give me that ring,' says the lady, snatching at the girl's left hand.

"Milly drew it quickly away.

"'I tell you give it to me!' repeated Caroline, almost fiercely. 'Oh—but you don't know why? I am in a grief and a trouble I did not expect!' And Lady Caroline whispered a few words to the girl.

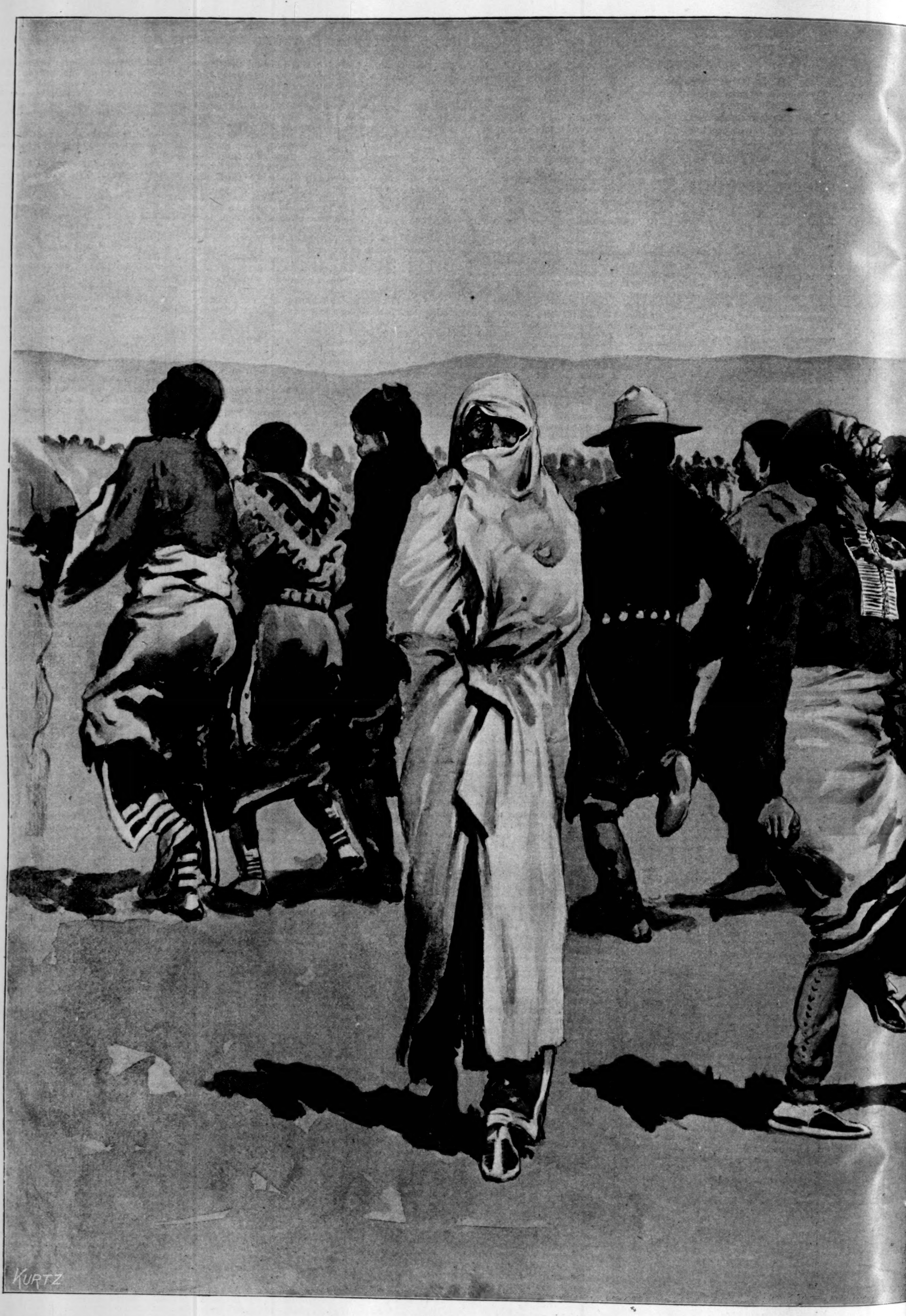
"'Oh, my lady!' said the thunderstruck Milly. 'What *will* you do?'

"'You must say that your statement was a wicked lie, an invention, a scandal, a deadly sin; that I told you to make it to screen me! That it was I whom he married at Bath. In short, we must tell the truth, or I am ruined—body, mind, and reputation—forever!'

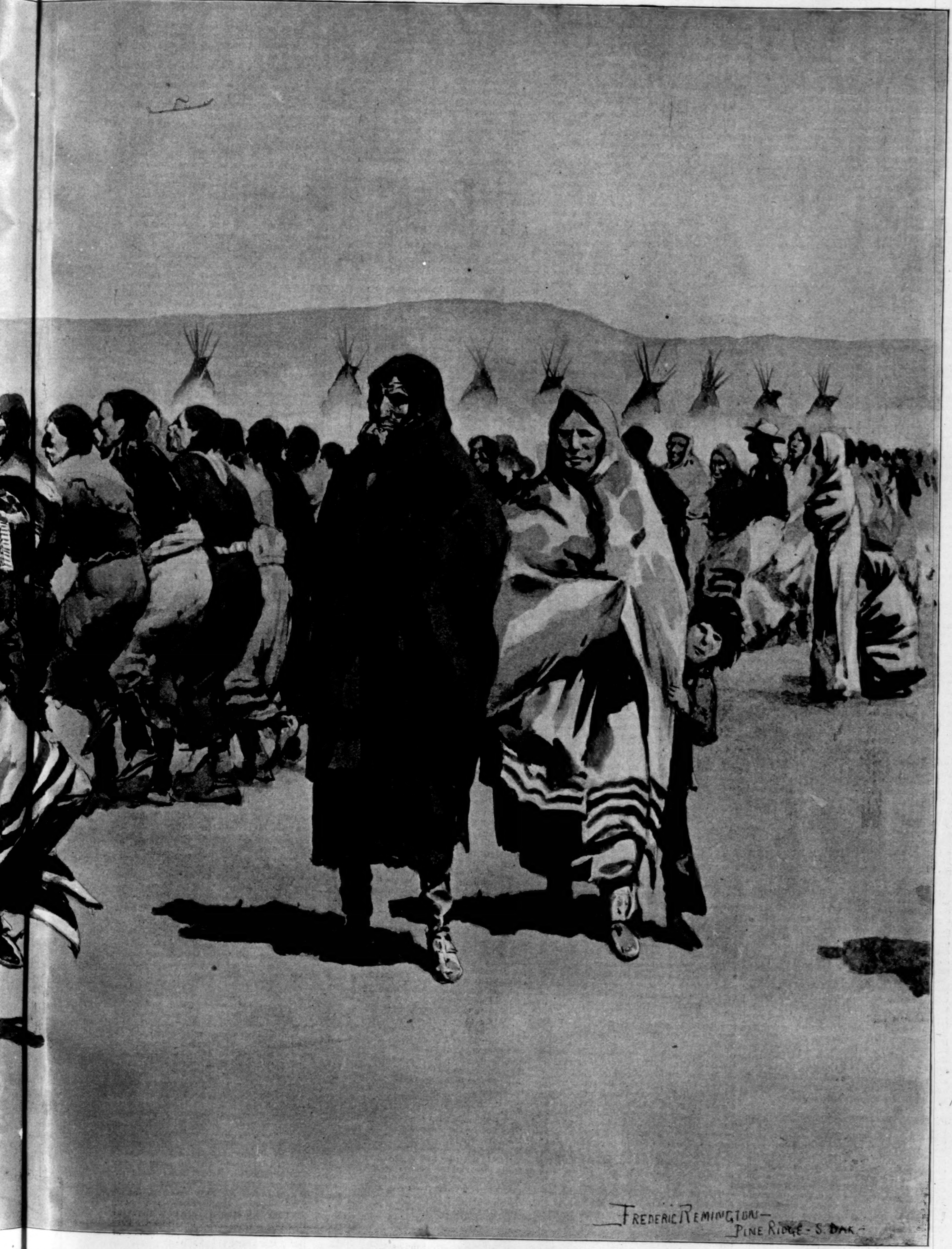
"But there is a limit to the flexibility of gentle-souled women. Milly by this time had so grown to the idea of being one flesh with this young man, of having the right to bear his name as she bore it, had so thoroughly come to regard him as her husband, to dream of him as her husband, to speak of him as her husband, that she could not relinquish him at a moment's peremptory notice.

"'No, no,' she said, desperately, 'I cannot, I will not give him up! Your ladyship took him away from me alive, and gave him back to me only when he was dead. Now I

(*Continued on page 962.*)



THE GHOST DANCE BY THE OGALLALA SIOUX AT PINE RIDGE AGENCY,


FREDERIC REMINGTON—
PINE RIDGE - S. DAK-

NCY, DAKOTA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington from Sketches taken on the Spot.—[See Page 947.]

(*Continued from page 959.*)

will keep him. I am truly his widow. More truly than you, my lady, for I love him, and mourn for him, and call myself by his dear name, and your ladyship does neither.'

"'I *do* love him,' cries Lady Caroline, with flashing eyes; 'and I cling to him, and won't let him go to such as you. How can I, when this pledge of his affection is soon to be born to me? I must have him back again! Milly, Milly, can't you pity and understand me, perverse girl that you are, and the miserable plight that I am in? Oh, this precipitancy; it is the ruin of women! Why did I not consider and wait? Come, give me back all that I have given you, and assure me you will support me in confessing the truth.'

"'Never! never!' repeated Milly, with woebegone passionateness. 'Look at this headstone! Look at my gown and bonnet of crape—this ring; listen to the name they call me by! My character is worth as much to me as yours is to you! After declaring my love mine, myself his, taking his name, making his death my own particular sorrow, how can I say it was not so? No such dishonor for me! I will outswear you, my lady; and I shall be believed. My story is so much the more likely that yours will be thought false. But oh, please, my lady, do not drive me to this! In pity let me keep him!'

"The poor nominal widow exhibited such anguish at a proposal which would have been truly a bitter humiliation to her, that Lady Caroline was warmed to pity in spite of her own condition.

"'Yes, I see your position,' she answered. 'But think of mine! What can I do? Without your support it would seem an invention to save me from disgrace; even if I produced the register, the love of scandal in the world is such that the multitude would slur over the fact, say it was a fabrication, and believe your story. I do not know who were the witnesses, or anything.'

"In a few minutes these two poor young women felt, as so many in a strait have felt before, that union was their greatest strength even now, and they consulted calmly together. The result of their deliberations was that Milly went home as usual, and Lady Caroline also, the latter confessing that very night to the Countess, her mother, of the marriage, and to nobody else in the world. And some time after, Lady Caroline and her mother went away to London, where a little while later they were joined by Milly, who was supposed to have left the village to proceed to a watering-place in the North for the benefit of her health, at the expense of the ladies of the manor, who were much interested in her state of lonely and defenceless widowhood.

"Early the next year the widow Milly came home with an infant in her arms, the family at the manor-house having meanwhile gone abroad. They did not return from their tour till the autumn ensuing, by which time Milly and the child had again departed from the cottage of her father, the woodman, Milly having attained to the dignity of dwelling in a cottage of her own, many miles to the eastward of her native village; a comfortable little allowance had moreover been settled on her and the child for life, through the instrumentality of Lady Caroline and her mother.

"Two or three years passed away, and the Lady Caroline married a nobleman—the Marquis of Stonehenge—considerably her senior, who had wooed her long and faithfully. He was not rich, but she led a placid life with him for many years, though there was no child of the marriage. Meanwhile Milly's boy, as the youngster was called, and as Milly herself considered him, grew up, and throve wonderfully, and loved her as she deserved to be loved for her devotion to him, in whom she every day traced more distinctly the lineaments of the man who had won her girlish heart, and kept it, even in the tomb.

"She educated him as well as she could with the limited means at her disposal, for the allowance had never been increased, Lady Caroline, or the Marchioness of Stonehenge, as she now was, seeming by degrees to care little what had become of them. Milly became extremely ambitious on the boy's account; she pinched herself almost of necessaries to send him to the grammar-school in the town to which they retired, and at twenty he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, joining it with a deliberate intent of making the army his profession, and not in a freak of idleness. His exceptional attainments, his manly bearing, his steady conduct, speedily won him promotion, which was furthered by the serious war in which this country was at that time engaged. On his return to England after the peace, he had risen to the rank of riding-master, and was soon after advanced another stage and made quartermaster, though still a young man.

"His mother—his corporeal mother, that is, the Marchioness of Stonehenge—heard tidings of this unaided progress; it reawakened her maternal instincts, and filled her with pride. She became keenly interested in her successful soldier son, and as she grew older much wished to see again, particularly when, the Marquis dying, she was left a solitary and childless widow. Whether or not she would have gone to him of her own impulse, I cannot say; but one day when she was driving in an open carriage in the outskirts of a neighboring town, the troops lying at the barracks hard by passed her in marching order. She eyed them narrowly, and in the finest of the horsemen recognized her son from his likeness to her first husband.

"This sight of him doubly intensified the motherly emotions which had lain dormant in her for so many years, and she wildly asked herself how she could so have neglected him. Had she possessed the true courage of affection, she would have owned to her first marriage, and have reared him as her son. What would it have mattered if she had never obtained this precious coronet of pearls and leaves by comparison with the gain of having the love and protection of such a noble and worthy son? These and other sad reflections cut the gloomy and solitary lady to the heart, and she repented of her pride in disclaiming her first husband more bitterly than she had ever repented of her infatuation in marrying him.

"Her yearning was so strong that at length it seemed to her that she could not live without announcing herself to him as his mother. Come what might, she would do it; late as it was, she would have him away from that woman, whom she began to hate with the fierceness of a deserted heart for having taken her place as the mother of her only child. She felt confidently enough that her son would only too gladly exchange a cottage mother for one who was a peeress of the realm. Being now, in her widowhood, free to come and go as she chose, without question from anybody, Lady Stonehenge started next day for the little town where Milly yet lived, still in her robes of sable for the lost lover of her youth.

"'He is my son,' said the Marchioness as soon as she was alone in the cottage with Milly. 'You must give him back to me, now that I am in a position in which I can defy the world's opinion. I suppose he comes to see you continually?'

"'Every month since he returned from the war, my lady. And sometimes he stays two or three days, and takes me about seeing sights everywhere.' She spoke with quiet triumph.

"'Well, you will have to give him up,' said the Marchioness, calmly. 'It shall not be the worse for you; you may see him when you choose. I am going to avow my first marriage, and have him with me.'

"'You forget that there are two to be reckoned with, my lady—not only me, but himself.'

"'That can be arranged. You don't suppose that he woudn't—' But not wishing to insult Milly by comparing their positions, she said, 'He is my own flesh and blood, not yours.'

"'Flesh and blood's nothing,' said Milly, flashing with as much scorn as a cottager could show to a peeress, which was not so little as may be supposed. 'But I will agree to put it to him, and let him settle it for himself.'

"'That's all I require,' said Lady Stonehenge. 'You must ask him to come, and I will meet him here.'

"The soldier was written to, and the meeting took place. He was not so much astonished at the disclosure of his parentage as Lady Stonehenge had been led to expect, having known for years that there was a little mystery about his birth. His manner toward the Marchioness, though respectful, was less warm than she could have hoped. The alternatives as to his choice of a mother were put before him.

"'No, my lady,' he said. 'Thank you much, but I prefer to let things be as they have been. My father's name is mine in any case. You see, my lady, you cared little for me when I was weak and helpless; why should I come to you now I am strong? She'—pointing to Milly—'tended me from my birth, watched over me, nursed me when I was ill, and deprived herself of many a little comfort to push me on. I cannot love another mother as I love her. She *is* my mother, and I will always be her son.' As he spoke he put his manly arm around Milly's neck, and kissed her with the tenderest affection.

"The agony of the poor Marchioness was pitiable. 'You kill me!' she said, between her shaking sobs. 'Cannot you—love—me too?'

"'No, my lady. If I must say it, you were ashamed of my poor father, who was a sincere and honest man; therefore I am ashamed of you.'

"Nothing would move him, and the suffering woman at last gasped: 'Cannot—oh cannot you give one kiss to me—as you did to her? It is not much; it is all I ask—all!'

"'Certainly,' he replied.

"He kissed her coldly, and the painful scene came to an end. That day was the beginning of death to the unfortunate Marchioness of Stonehenge. It was in the perverseness of the human heart that his denial of her should add fuel to the fire of her craving for his love. How long afterward she lived I do not know with any exactness, but it was no great length of time. That anguish that is sharper than a serpent's tooth wore her out soon. Utterly reckless of the world, its ways, and its opinions, she allowed her story to become known; and when the welcome end supervened (which, I grieve to say, she refused to lighten by the consolations of religion), a broken heart was the truest phrase in which to sum up its cause."

The Rural Dean having concluded, some observations upon his tale were made in due course. The sentimental member said that Lady Caroline's history afforded a sad instance of how an honest human affection will become shamefaced and mean under the frost of class division and social prejudices. She probably loved that humble young husband and his child all the time that she was trying to shake off both.

The Church-warden agreed with the reverend gentleman, adding that a mere flash of revived sentiment would completely turn the current of a woman's previous action, let it set in one direction ever so strongly.

The Colonel then spoke, saying that his experience of the sex had taught him precisely the same doctrine. More than that, events which had caused a lady's action to set in a particular direction might continue to enforce the same line of conduct, while she, like a mangle, would start on a sudden in a different course under the same propulsion.

The President laughed and applauded the Colonel, adding that there surely lurked a story somewhere behind that sentiment, if he were not much mistaken.

The Colonel fixed his face to a good narrative pose, and went on without further preamble.

III.

ANNA, LADY BAXBY.

BY THE COLONEL.

"It was in the time of the great Civil War—if I should not rather, as a loyal subject, call it, with Clarendon, the Great Rebellion—it was, I say, at that unhappy period of our history that toward the autumn of a particular year the Parliament forces sat down before Sherton Castle with over seven thousand foot and four pieces of cannon. The castle, as we all know, was in that century owned and occupied by one of the Earls of Severn, and garrisoned for his assistance by a certain noble Marquis who commanded the King's troops in these parts. The said Earl, as well as the young Lord Baxby, his eldest son, were away from home just now, raising forces for the King elsewhere. But there were present in the castle, when the besiegers arrived before it, the son's fair wife Lady Baxby and her servants, together with some friends and near relatives of her husband; and the defence was so good and well considered that they anticipated no great danger.

"The Parliamentary forces were also commanded by a noble lord—for the nobility were by no means, at this stage of the war, all on the King's side—and it had been observed during his approach in the night-time, and in the morning when the reconnoitring took place, that he appeared sad and much depressed. The truth was that by a strange freak of destiny it had come to pass that the stronghold he was set to reduce was the home of his own sister, whom he had tenderly loved during her maidenhood, and whom he loved now, in spite of the estrangement which had resulted from hostilities with her husband's family. He believed, too, that notwithstanding this cruel division, she was still sincerely attached to him.

"His hesitation to point his ordnance at the walls was inexplicable to those who were strangers to his family history. He remained in the field on the north side of the castle (called by his name to this day because of his encampment there), till it occurred to him to send a messenger to his sister Anna with a letter, in which he earnestly requested her, as she valued her life, to steal out of the place by the little gate to the south, and make away in that direction to the residence of some friends.

"Shortly after he saw, to his great surprise, coming from the front of the castle walls, a lady on horseback, with a single attendant. She rode straight forward into the field, and up the slope to where his army and tents were spread. It was not till she got quite near that he discerned her to be his sister Anna; and much was he alarmed that she should have run such risk as to sally out in the face of his forces without knowledge of their proceedings, when at any moment their first discharge might have burst forth, to her own destruction in such exposure. She dismounted before she was quite close to him, and he saw that her familiar face, though pale, was not at all tearful, as it would have been in their younger days. Indeed, if the particulars as handed down are to be believed, he was in a more tearful state than she, in his anxiety about her. He called her into his tent, out of the gaze of those around; for though many of the soldiers were honest and serious-minded men, he could not bear that she who had been his dear companion in childhood should be exposed to curious observation in this her great grief.

"When they were alone in the tent he clasped her in his arms, for he had not seen her since those happier days when, at the commencement of the war, her husband and himself had been of the same mind about the arbitrary conduct of the King, and had little dreamt that they would not go to extremes together. She was the calmer of the two, it is said, and was the first to speak connectedly.

"'William, I have come to you,' said she, 'but not to save myself, as you suppose. Why, oh, why, do you persist in supporting this disloyal cause and grieving us so?'

"'Say not that,' he replied, hastily. 'If truth hides at the bottom of a well, why should you suppose justice to be in high places? I am for the right at any price. Anna, leave the castle; you are my sister; come away, my dear, and save your life.'

"'Never!' says she. 'Do you plan to carry out this attack, and level the castle indeed?'

"'Most certainly I do,' says he. 'What meaneth this army around us, if not so?'

"'Then you will find the bones of your sister buried in the ruins you cause,' said she. And without another word she turned and left him.

"'Anna, stay with me!' he entreated. 'Blood is thicker than water, and what is there in common between you and your husband now?'

"But she shook her head, and would not hear him, and hastening out, mounted her horse, and returned toward the castle, as she had come. Ay, many's the time when I have been riding to hounds across that field have I thought of that scene.

"When she had quite gone down the field, and over the intervening ground, and round the bastion, so that he could no longer even see the tip of her mare's white tail, he was much more deeply moved by emotions concerning her and her welfare than he had been while she was before him. He wildly reproached himself that he had not detained her by force for her own good, so that come what might she would be under his protection, and not under that of her husband, whose impulsive nature rendered him too open to instantaneous impressions and sudden changes of plan. He was now acting in this cause and now in that, and lacked the cool judgment necessary for the protection of a woman in these troubled times. Her brother thought of her words again and again, and sighed, and even considered if a sister were not of more value than a principle, and if he would not have acted more naturally in throwing in his lot with hers.

"The delay of the besiegers in attacking the castle was said to be entirely owing to this distraction on the part of their leader, who remained on the spot attempting some indecisive operations and parleying with the Marquis, then in command with far inferior forces within the castle. It never occurred to him that in the mean time the young Lady Baxby, his sister, was in much the same mood as himself. Her brother's familiar voice and eyes, much worn and fatigued by keeping the field, and by family distractions on account of this unhappy feud, rose upon her vision all the afternoon, and as day waned she grew more and more Parliamentarian in her principles, though the only arguments which had addressed themselves to her were those of family ties.

"Her husband, General Lord Baxby, had been expected to arrive all the day from his excursion into the east of the county, a message having been sent to him informing him of what had happened at home, and in the evening he arrived, with re-enforcements in unexpected numbers. Her brother retreated before these to a hill near Ivell, four or five miles off, to afford the men and himself some repose. Lord Baxby duly placed his forces, and there was no longer any immediate danger. By this time Lady Baxby's feelings were more Parliamentarian than ever, and in her fancy the fagged countenance of her brother, beaten back by her husband, seemed to reproach her for heartlessness. When her husband entered her apartment, ruddy and boisterous and full of hope, she received him but sadly; and upon his casually uttering some slighting words about her brother's withdrawal, which seemed to convey an imputation upon his courage, she resented them, and retorted that he, Lord Baxby himself, had been against the Court party at first, where it would be much more to his credit if he were at present, and showing her brother's consistency of opinion, instead of supporting the lying policy of the King for the sake of a barren principle of loyalty, which was but an empty expression when a King was not at one with his people. The dissension grew bitter between them, reaching to little less than a hot quarrel, both being quick-tempered souls.

"Lord Baxby was weary with his long day's march and other excitements, and soon retired to bed. His lady followed some time after. Her husband slept profoundly, but not so she; she sat brooding by the window slit, and, lifting the curtain, looked forth upon the hills without.

"In the silence between the footfalls of the sentinels she could hear faint sounds of her brother's camp on the distant hills, where the soldiery had hardly settled as yet into their bivouac since their evening's retreat. The first frosts of autumn had touched the grass, and shrivelled the more delicate leaves of the creepers; and she thought of William sleeping on the chilly ground, under the strain of these hardships. Tears flooded her eyes as she returned to her husband's imputations upon his courage, as if there could be any doubt of Lord William's courage after what he had done in the past days.

"Lord Baxby's long and reposeful breathings in his comfortable bed vexed her now, and she came to a determination on an impulse. Hastily lighting a taper, she wrote on a scrap of paper:

"'*Blood is thicker than water, dear William—I will come,*' and with this in her hand she went to the door of the room and out upon the stairs; on second thoughts turning back for a moment to put on her husband's hat and cloak—not the one he was daily wearing—that if seen in the twilight she might at a casual glance appear as some lad or hanger-on of one of the household women. Thus accoutred, she descended a flight of circular stairs, at the bottom of which was a door opening upon the terrace toward the west, in the direction of her brother's position. Her object was to slip out without the

(*Continued on page 964.*)

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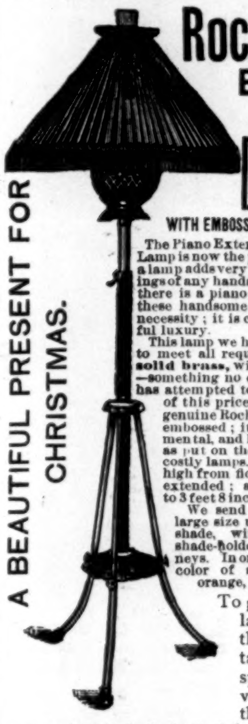

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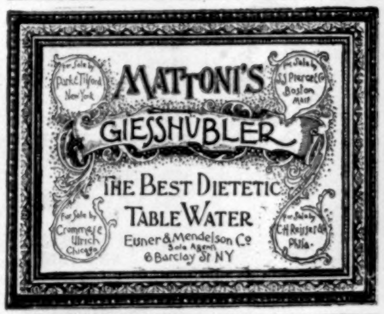
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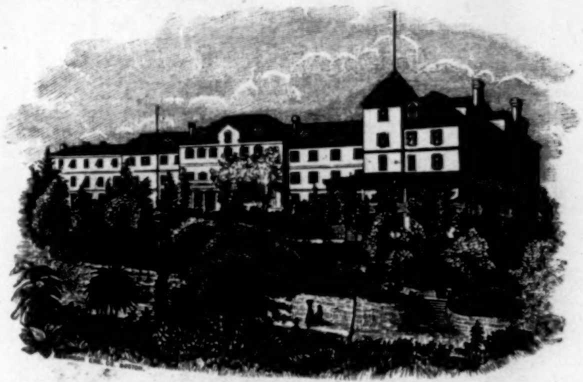

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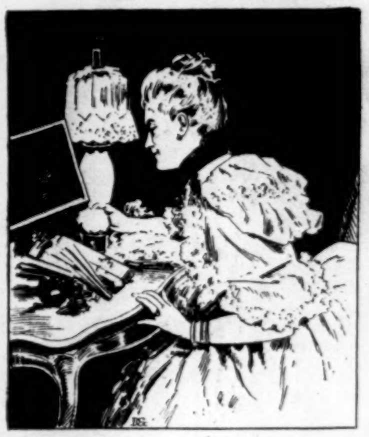

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